

DEC 31 1873

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 950—Vol. XXXVII.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



GENERAL JUAN NEPOMUCENO BURRIEL,

GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, AND THE LEADING AUTHOR OF THE BUTCHERY OF THE "VIRGINUS" CREW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTONIO URDA, MATANZAS.—SEE PAGE 285.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
 One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
 One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

We begin this week the publication of a new Serial Story of American Life, called "DEATH IN LIFE; or, The Future of a Forgery."

THE NEXT YEAR.

PERFORMANCE is always better than promise; and we need hardly say what, during the year 1874, this journal will do. Looking upon FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for the year that is passing away, we have great reason to be proud. Its standing, its business and its circulation were never in a better condition. During the languid Summer, when the managers of our great daily newspapers were crying for news when there was no news, this journal took hold of the great social forces that were growing throughout the country, and illustrated them so well, that the Press everywhere, from Maine to California, spoke our praise. So thoroughly did we portray Grange life as a matter of news, that the local papers of the West proclaimed us the leading Grange newspaper of the country.

When the Cuban Outrage was perpetrated we were ready to give it the fullest pictorial interest. The first mails from Havana brought us authentic pictures of the scenes of interest, and a Cuban officer and an American sailor at Santiago de Cuba, during the butchery, made sketches for us of the eventful news.

The file of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for 1873 is a pictorial history of the year. In another month we shall begin to illustrate the weekly history of 1874, in its prominent news, in a style of which no other illustrated journal of the world can boast. With a clear conception of what is pictorial news, and of what the people demand, with facilities in art and literature surpassed nowhere, we shall begin our newspaper campaign with customary zeal. Never late with our illustrations, catching the wish of the people while it is fresh and hopeful, we shall pay our compliments to our old friends, and successfully welcome our new ones.

In literature we shall endeavor to deal with popular writers. In politics we shall be independent, but not squeamish, giving praise to every man, Republican or Democrat, who does a right, knowing no friend in politics who does a wrong.

We believe that both political parties will receive a new formation. There is enough force left in each for reorganization. We shall not follow supinely in the pathway marked out by any politician, but praise and criticise each party as the good of the readers of our paper may require.

Of new enterprises for the coming year it is not wise to speak. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. But we may say that, with such an organization of an illustrated newspaper as twenty years' labors have given to FRANK LESLIE, there can be no doubt that the same energy which has characterized us in the past will remain with us in the future. We shall prick the bubble folly, expose fraud in public social life, give to weekly news the authenticity of illustration, show the progress of our country's industries, and reveal to our readers the modes of life of all sections of the land, so that the man who does not travel may have the scenes brought to him.

THE SPANISH CONCESSION.

SPAIN promises the United States Government to deliver up the steamer *Virginian*, with all the survivors of her crew; to salute the American flag at some proper time at Santiago de Cuba; to pay an uncertain sum of money to the families of the men who were murdered; and to bring to trial and punish the officers who perpetrated the outrage. Thus, war between the United States and the Republic of Spain is diplomatically averted. If that Republic will perform its promises in the largest sense in which we can understand them, the American people ought to be satisfied with the result, and to

give credit to our Administration, even to the greatly disliked Fish, and to his shrewd assistant, Bancroft Davis. It is no discreditable matter for a government to preserve the dignity of a country and to avert war at a time when two strong peoples are trying to bring about a shedding of blood. In the Nineteenth Century it is a far grander, as it is a harder, duty to prevent bloodshed than to cause it. The statesman is always a century in advance of the warrior; and it will be found in the history of the world that great soldiers have nearly always found their fighting lives so imperfect that they have endeavored to supplement them with civil services to their country. So Frederick the Great with his Prussian Code, and Bonaparte with his Code Napoleon, and Wellington with his Cabinet, and Washington and Jackson with their efforts to preserve the Union. Bismarck is a greater man than Von Moltke; and the President who has prevented the shedding of American blood deserves higher credit than he who took Lee's sword at Appomattox.

But the Cuban problem is still unsolved. Perhaps we had no right to demand, as a reparation for the capture of the *Virginian*, that Cuba should be free. We had no excuse for going to war with Spain for Cuban freedom. We have only to receive back our *Virginian*, have our flag saluted, demand that a good sum shall be paid to the families of the slaughtered crew, welcome back the survivors, and hear with gladness that the bully-butcher Burriel and those nearest him in authority have been shot.

But we have a right to ask whether the Spanish Government in Cuba will permit the return of the *Virginian* and her surviving crew, and the punishment of the butchers. The latest news from Havana indicates that the contempt of the Volunteers for Spain is as great as their hatred of "foreign pirates" like the people of the United States. Already their threats come to us that they will not accede to the demands of Spain. If they do not, Spain will have a colonial war to fight; and if she will not fight it, we must. There will always remain an intense hatred between Cuban-Spaniards and Americans, which can result only in the subjugation of the former. When the blood is hot for war, occasions are plenty. If foolish Spain were only willing to abandon her hollow idea of Spanish territory in Cuba, we should be glad to prevent the wretched rulers of the island from perpetrating further outrages. We have almost touched Cuba, and we shall never be satisfied until she belongs to us.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

MUCH regret was expressed by Tweed's friends when it was found that his sentence would send him, not to Ludlow Street Jail, but to Blackwell's Island. The mere name of the Penitentiary was held to be sufficient to make confinement on the island far worse than imprisonment in the close and malarious county prison. And yet the place to which Tweed was consigned by Judge Davis is really the gem of the whole territory of the State of New York.

In the immediate neighborhood of New York City are three principal islands, which ought to be the choicest localities for residence within reach of our citizens. Of these, Staten Island is, through lack of drainage, subject to malaria, while the insufficiency of ferry accommodations has also a share in rendering it unpopular as a suburban residence. Governor's Island is wholly in the hands of the Government, and is simply a site for a useless fort. As for Blackwell's Island, that being beyond all comparison the most beautiful and healthful place within a circuit of fifty miles of the City Hall, we have, with a fatuity that is hardly explicable, dedicated it to the use of convicts, paupers, lunatics and smallpox patients.

Look at the situation of this island, in the middle of a superb river, the swift tides of which wash its shores clear of all possible foulness. From its southern extremity one can follow the magnificent panorama of the East River as far as the Navy Yard. Northward, the green islands of the lower Harlem River, and the picturesque entrance to Hell Gate, are always visible. On the Long Island shore are the sloping lawns of Astoria, and on the New York shore, abrupt and rocky heights forbid the near approach of the foulness of a closely populated city. No such variety of view can be had from any other point in the whole circuit of New York Bay.

Then consider the physical conformation of the island. Its rocky foundation forbids the presence of fever, while the surface is sufficiently level to need no grading were it to be laid out in streets. During the Summer the constant current of air driving through the gorge of Hell Gate and the East River keeps the temperature of the island many degrees below that of the city. Its pure air bids defiance to epidemic diseases, and were the island to be as thickly populated as the Sixth Ward, it would still be infinitely more healthy.

As a prison site, it has not one advantage that places it much above parts of Long Island and Westchester County. The river is too narrow to act as a secure barrier against escape, and the opportunity for employing convicts in out-of-door labor is only that which any rural situation would afford. To occupy

this charming spot with the prison and pest-houses of the metropolis is certainly the blindest folly of which any community could be guilty.

Had Blackwell's Island never been devoted to these base uses, it would undoubtedly have been covered with the villas of our richest citizens, and would have been a more elegant suburban retreat than any to be found in the Old World. It is now too late, even were it desirable, to transform the island into a rich man's paradise; but there is another and better use to which it might be put, were the city to consent to remove its prisoners and patients to a more fitting place.

What our poorer classes need more than anything else next to bread, is pure air. This they cannot have so long as they are shut up in the close streets of a crowded city. The attempt of Mr. Stewart to build a city for workmen near Hempstead, L. I., was well intended, but it yet remains to be seen whether the average workman can afford to have his home at a distance of an hour and a half by railway from his place of employment.

Now, Blackwell's Island, if built up with small and cheap houses, would accommodate a large population of workmen, and would practically give them a home in the country, within a few minutes, by ferry-boat, of all parts of the city. A bridge across the East River, resting upon Blackwell's Island, has already been chartered, and will be built before many years have passed; and the island will thus be brought into even closer connection with the city. Here workmen could have their homes, with the fresh, pure air that is denied them in the city, and the constant presence of a beautiful river view, instead of a noisome, ill-paved street. A workmen's city could be laid out and constructed upon sanitary principles, so that the errors of poisonous tenement-houses and unventilated and ill-lighted rooms could be avoided. Nowhere else in the immediate vicinity of New York is there a site that would need so little preparation, for, with the removal of the public buildings, the island would be ready for immediate settlement. New York would have the honor of lodging its working-people better than any other community has yet thought of doing; and, even at an exceedingly low rental, the income that would be gained from land that is now totally unproductive would soon defray the cost of taking down the prison and hospital, and building them again in a more suitable spot.

Which would be wiser—to devote this beautiful island to the incalculable benefit of the hardworking poor of this city, or to keep it for the exclusive benefit of thieves, vagabonds, lunatics and paupers? Which have the best right to it, the convicts or the honest citizens?

JOHN BRIGHT'S FREE LAND.

SINCE Mr. Bright's return to power in England, quite a controversy has been going on in the papers and elsewhere regarding his political opinions. In a speech delivered at Birmingham, he gave voice to some radical sentiments, which would seem to be fully as mysterious as ever was the utterance of the Delphic oracle. Notably is this so of his definition of "free land." Having said that he sighed for the time when the poor agricultural laborer should be enabled to possess rich farms, mines and factories, he has been called upon to define his meaning, and has done it as follows. He says "free land" means the abolition of the law of primogeniture; the limitation of entails and settlements, "so that life interests may for the most part be got rid of and a real ownership substituted for them;" and a simplification of the legal forms for the transfer of land. And further on, that it "shall be as easy to buy or sell land as to buy or sell a ship, or, at least, as easy as it is in Australia, and in many or in all the States of the American Union." And it means, again, "that no legal encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play, as they have with regard to ships, and shares, and machinery, and stock-in-trade, and money."

From these definitions it will be easily seen that Mr. Bright's picture has an American tint. After all, it is money that buys land, and admitting all these conditions in force, Mr. Bright does not tell us how the laborer is to get that money.

PREMIER BISMARCK.

THE late appointment of Prince Bismarck to the office of Prime Minister of the new German Empire, a position that he abandoned some time back, speaks more plainly of the defeat of the ministerial party in Prussia, than it does of anything else. The Pope's letter was published just at a time when it could do him the most harm, and bearing that load, he went into the contest. But, notwithstanding the bitter ecclesiastical struggle that was being waged, he has triumphed completely. He now stands at the head of a new parliament, over three-fourths of which are pledged to do his bidding. The Ultramontanes gained a few seats, it is true, but it was at the expense of the former conservative element of the Assembly. The struggle has consolidated the Liberal Party, and developed a perfect constitutional ministry. This change of affairs was what might naturally have been

expected. Although during Bismarck's retirement Marshal Von Roon wielded the sceptre, it was known that he was but the ostensible head of the Government. Bismarck, behind the scenes, pulled the wires that moved the scenes. Once again, by this latest stroke of good fortune, has he demonstrated that he is a diplomat almost *sui generis*. The Fates watch over him, playing the cards of destiny into his hands. The Austrian war affixed a plume to his bonnet, the fight with France still further feathered it, and now the letter of the Pope, which was calculated to retard his aspirations, has not only been rendered powerless, but has brought about a sweeping triumph for the non-ministerial party, or which he is the acknowledged head.

THE INSOLENT OF OFFICE.

IN her memoirs of her father Sydney Smith, Lady Holland tells a story of how one broiling day he posted down to the War Office to obtain some information about a young soldier, the only son of a laborer in his village, who had not heard of him for months. Entering the office, hot, tired and dusty, he proceeded to put the necessary questions to a gorgeous young official, but, after much delay and cool impertinence, obtained no satisfactory answer. Thereupon he presented his card, and making a bow, said: "I have but one other question to trouble you with, sir, and that is your name; as I am about to proceed from this door to call upon your chief. I came here, a country clergyman, to perform my duty to my parish, and I shall inform him how his servants perform theirs."

This brought the haughty young jack-in-office to his marrow-bones. He pleaded that he had nothing but his office, and such a complaint would ruin him. Sydney, after a serious warning, of course let him off. The incident is recalled by a story, no doubt true, which is now told about Earl Russell.

When the Queen is in Scotland a Cabinet Minister always resides at Balmoral, and nine years ago Lord Russell was in attendance in that capacity. One dark Autumn evening, a little old shrunken man, his face almost hidden in the deep folds of a huge greatcoat, appeared at the telegraph station at Aboyne, and handed in a telegram.

"Put your name to it. It's a pity your master doesn't know how to send a telegram," was the sharp and offensively given command of the clerk.

The name was added, and the telegram, which was addressed to a Cabinet Minister, handed back.

"Why, you can't write, either!" cried the aggravated and aggravating clerk, after a fruitless effort to decipher the signature. "Here, let me do it. What's your name?"

"My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell."

Soon afterwards that clerk found himself removed to another, and probably not better, office. It is right that these small official tyrants should, when caught, be made to smart a bit, for they have small mercy for others.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

Ex-SENATOR NYE is going to dwell in New York.

The poet Whittier is to write his autobiography.

Are traveling spiritualists circulating mediums?

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is still engaged on the family memoirs.

LYMAN TRUMBULL has resumed the practice of the law in Illinois.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT is expected in New York before New Year's.

RALPH KEELER, the magazinist, has gone to Cuba for the New York Tribune.

Ex-GOVERNOR HOFFMAN has gone from Paris to Egypt. He prefers the Nile to the Tweed.

DOG-FIGHTING has been prohibited in Japan. Poor heathen country, without dog-fights or politicians!

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S famous war-horse is named "Sadowa," and, Sadowa, he is twenty-one years old.

A CHICAGO boy said, "O Lord, forgive me! I wouldn't have done it, only I thought you could take a joke."

PRESIDENT CASTELAR of Spain is an Irishman by descent. Whether he belongs to the clan of the Macks or that of the O's is not told.

WHY not? Semmes, whose baptismal name is Raphael, is a candidate for the Mayoralty of Mobile. Still, he might rather work for a living.

GERALD MASSEY, the English poet of the people, is in Philadelphia. When he gets further South he will probably be called Lord o' Massey.

AFTER the sale of the Osgood periodicals, W. D. Howells will continue in the editorship of the *Atlantic*, and T. B. Aldrich in that of *Every Saturday*.

A MUSEUM for the preservation and exhibition of Aztec antiquities is to be organized by wealthy residents of Peru, and probably it will be the most fascinating museum in America.

HON. JOHN FORSYTH, the editor of the *Mobile Register*, after a long sojourn in Europe, has again appeared at his old office in the city on the beautiful bay.

SECRETARY ROBESON spent a considerable part of last week in and about the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and Frank Smith, his private secretary, was sent for.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, when he lived in Indiana, found relief from his ministerial studies in reading botanical books. Their influence on his style has been great.

TENNYSON'S publishers, who agreed to pay him \$5,000 a quarter for the exclusive right to publish his poems, have thrown up the contract, because it does not pay.

THE heir to the Russian throne is said to possess an ugly temper, like that of his grandfather, Nicholas. The present Czar, on the contrary, is a peaceable and amiable man.

It is too cold in Milwaukee for Governor Washburn. He is going "west," after his defeat. Milwaukee still has her breweries, her fifty miles of water-pipes, and Matt Carpenter.

AN architect recently showed a young lady the nave of a new church, upon which, supposing it was one of the beautifully colored windows, she innocently asked, "But, what bower is it?"

HON. RICHARD C. MCCORMICK, Congressional Delegate from Arizona, has married the daughter of Senator Thurman. McCormick is one of the Centennial Committee, and one of the richest and most popular men in Washington.

Now comes a critic who believes that the famous Man in the Iron Mask was one who looked so much like Louis XIV., that he might have passed himself off before the people for that monarch. This is not a satisfactory solution of the problem.

SPAIN'S offer to return the *Virginus* to the United States Government reminds one of an old vulgar negro song: "She peeled the apple and gave me the skin, and that's the way she took me in. She biled the meat and gave me the bone, and gave me a kick and sent me home."

M. GUIZOT, in his old age, still in good health, walks five miles a day, and is hard at work on his "History of Spain." He studied the Spanish language when he was seventy-two, and has lived in his present home sixty years. He is now eighty-five, healthy and erect. He has become very wealthy from his writings.

SAMUEL BOWLES, while making his excuse for not allowing himself to be elected Mayor of Springfield, Mass., says he is already serving the public more usefully as editor of the *Republican*, and refers to Wendell Phillips, who would not become a member of Congress, and H. W. Beecher, who also has declined office.

CARLYLE has strong contempt for the average life of people, and an eager craving after traces of force and grandeur, which have made his countenance in later life the type of a cynical mystic—the face of one yearning after hidden fires and other earth-shaking powers, of which he can but seldom detect in the actual world even a trace.

SPEAKER BLAINE is said to have pursued a very fair course in the selection of men for the prospective committees. His position as a candidate, in view of the proposed warfare on Credit Mobilier Congressmen, has been a very trying one; but the member from Maine is shrewd, amiable and practical; and it seems that his chances to succeed General Grant are by no means small.

SOME villain filled a box with metallic cartridges, gunpowder, matches and sandpaper, and sent it to Controller Green, of New York. A clerk was suspicious, and soaked it in water. Mr. Green's life was saved. If the matches had been scraped by the sandpaper, the powder would have burned into his face; but it is not likely that the cartridges would have been fired by so quiet a breath of heat.

TWEED was a filibuster, but we gave him a fair, square trial, with the best legal talent of New York to defend him. Captain Fry, of the *Virginus*, was a filibuster, not half as bad as Tweed, yet Burriel didn't recognize his legal rights, or his American papers, but shot him in cold blood, and tumbled him into a ditch. Burriel ought to hang for that. In fact, nothing but the death of Burriel will satisfy Americans.

SCHUYLER COLFAX will be the orator at the next anniversary of Monmouth College, Illinois. In case anything happens to Colfax—if he should get a check in his career, if he should casually smile so broadly as to split off the upper hemisphere of his head, if he should stop on the way to kiss a baby in Indiana, and get all over molasses—then he has an alternate who will supply his place. Whitelaw Reid is the alternate in the Monmouth College business, as he was in editing the *Tribune*.

LORD GREY has written a letter on the Ashantee question, in which he expresses his peculiar views regarding the war which England is now waging against that barbarian African tribe. He holds that the system pursued by the Government in the maintenance of its power along the coast of Africa has been erroneous; and is in favor of confining the possessions of England on the Gold Coast to the area which is commanded by the

guns of the forts." If this kind of protectorate is not admissible, there appears to be no alternative, in his opinion, but "the abandonment of the forts and the discontinuance of trade." The Government itself is decidedly opposed to such a policy, and is in favor of pushing the war vigorously. In the meantime, Sir Garnet Wolseley, in command of the English forces, has defeated the Ashantees once or twice, but is crippled in his movements by the necessity of waiting for the regiments that are being sent to him from home.

HUGH F. MACDERMOTT, the poet-editor, having intimated that Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the Boston literary correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, gushes about books which come to her notice, she retaliates by saying that she will not praise him. Which is very sad, considering that Mrs. Moulton is one of the few ladies who write so well that it is worth dying to have her write one's obituary, and that Macdermott is so fine a writer that the lady might think herself happy if she could excel him.

By the time that this paper goes to press Congress will have met, the President's Message will have been read, and perhaps some indication of the personal character of the committees will have been seen. There is evidence that the followers of the Administration will show much better feeling towards the men who, during the last session, were "paid off" for being Liberal Republicans. The *Tribune* evinces somewhat of a desire that this course should be pursued, and rather significantly writes Mr. Sumner a Republican.

WORKMEN sometimes hurt their own cause by being unreasonable. For instance, some of the machine-builders of Paterson, N. J., in order to do an act of charity, offered to reopen their shops, provide some work, and pay reduced wages, so as to run along in favor of their workmen during the hard times. The workmen refused to accept the reduced wages, and so continue to have hungry families. They want the whole loaf or no bread, and will therefore have a long loaf until better days. But they were awfully unreasonable, and hurt the cause of labor in the minds of sympathetic men more than they knew.

In his speech on Plymouth Church independence, Henry Ward Beecher paid a glowing tribute to Rev. Dr. Storrs, of a rival Congregational Church in Brooklyn; and he said that if Dr. Storrs had been born in Indiana instead of in Boston, he would, under the influence of free Western manners, have given way to some of his quiescent emotion, and have been the most famous divine in America. As it is, we say his style is as smooth and graceful as Temple's, and as keenly thoughtful as the most refined of his hearers could wish. He may not stir the emotions of his hearers so heartily as Beecher does, but the impression he makes, being upon the mind, is more lasting.

Few people will deny that if Senator Roscoe Conkling had never been engaged in politics he would have been a great lawyer. Learned lawyers say that he is a formidable antagonist at the bar. It could then have been no idea of lack of legal qualifications that led him to decline to be appointed Chief-Justice of the United States. The Senator is not rich, and he does want to make money. This he can do at the bar. So that when the time comes there will be great struggle between his ambition for lucrative forensic success and his habits as a statesman and as a leader of a great State party. No doubt, however, that he will not be an entire stranger to Washington.

WASHINGTON special dispatches to the *Times* may reasonably be supposed, from the relations of that paper to the Government, to be semi-official. The dispatch that announced the concession by Spain to our Government of our claims to the *Virginus*, to the living members of her crew, and to a token of respect for our flag, contained the significant words, "There is ground for hope that the Spanish Republic is strong enough to fulfill its intentions and promises." By the time this journal is issued we shall have further indications of Spain's power in the premises; but we know from this dispatch that at the time when the Spanish concession was made General Grant had a doubt that Cuba would yield to the demand of Spain.

If Colonel John W. Forney, of the *Press*, wants the Mayoralty of Philadelphia, he can easily have it. Probably every man of whom he ever wrote a line would vote for him and elect him, for he never said anything of any man that was not sweetness double-distilled and at least five per cent. above proof. It is so hard to be a journalistic Mark Tapley, that it is delightful to hear of Colonel Forney as a prospective Mayor. Every militiaman in Philadelphia would at once become, by the Colonel's sunshine falling on him, a Richard Cœur de Lion; every milliner's girl would assume the grandeur of a Joan of Arc; and Brown, the cheap man of the *Press*, would suddenly loom into the proportions of a Necker. Hail to the chief!

A PERFORMANCE for the benefit of the families of the *Virginus* victims will be given at the Academy of Music, New York City, on the evening of December 20th, by the Charity Amateur Dramatic Association, when the "Hunchback" and a "Quiet Family" will be produced. Tickets can now be had at the Union Square Theatre.

DISASTER AT SEA.

SHIPWRECK OF THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

ANOTHER terrible ocean calamity has occurred. The magnificent steamship *Ville du Havre*, belonging to the Transatlantic Line that plies between New York and Havre, France, collided in mid-ocean at two o'clock on the morning of the 23d ult., with the British ship *Loch Earn*, en route from London to New York.

At the time the collision occurred it was blowing a full gale, there was a deep fog, and the sea was fearfully rough. The *Loch Earn* came on before the wind, and struck the steamer below the cut-water.

Instant consternation and dismay ensued. The steamer filled rapidly, and in a few minutes sunk, carrying down to "a muddy death" two hundred and twenty-six persons.

Most of the crew of the *Ville du Havre* succeeded in boarding the *Loch Earn*. Eighty-seven of those on board the steamer took to the boats, and were rescued by the ship *Trimountain*. They were carried into Cardiff, whence the sad news was flashed to New York.

The following is as correct a list of the passengers of the *Ville du Havre* as can be obtained at this writing:

Captain C. Hunter,	Mrs. M. Spafford & infant,
Mrs. Hunter,	Mrs. Nicolet,
Miss Caroline Hunter,	Henry Belknap,
Miss Mary Hunter,	Mrs. D. Goodwin and two
Miss Annie Hunter,	children,
Mrs. Hunter's maid,	Mrs. A. G. Kennett, two
Mrs. Lopez,	children and nurse,
Mrs. M. K. Simons,	R. McHitt,
Mrs. Binniger and	L. Trefousse,
daughter,	Mr. & Mrs. H. Sigourney,
Mrs. Stockie,	Masters H. G. and W.
Mr. and Mrs. Montague,	Sigourney,
Miss Montague,	Mr. & Mrs. T. Hammond,
Rev. N. Weiss,	F. Hammond,
Emile Cook,	Miss A. Hammond,
A. L. C. Portman,	C. Hammond,
H. W. Kidd,	Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Jo-
Mrs. L. Kidd,	nanique,
A. B. McCreery,	R. A. Withaus,
Rev. A. Carrace,	Judge Peckham,
Professor C. Frontier,	Mrs. Peckham,
Mr. and Mrs. William R.	Mr. and Mrs. Colloidon,
Swift and child,	P. Larrasabel,
Mr. Loriaux,	B. Hesse,
Mr. Cramer,	Miss Bom,
Mrs. E. Curtis and maid,	Miss L. W. Putnam,
Mr. C. Burritt Waite,	Mr. and Mrs. C. Creste,
Mr. Lamothé,	A. Lafargue,
Mr. F. Liado,	Mme. A. Lawres,
Mrs. Eliza Ferdinand,	Louis Lejeune,
Master V. Ferdinand,	Mr. & Mrs. Marconnet,
Mrs. C. A. Platt,	F. Marconnet, Jr.,
H. Murray,	Mlle. E. Marconnet,
Miss Murray,	Desire Choquet,
A. Barbanson,	Mme. Adele Lack,
M. L. Squadrille,	M. Baptiste Bogorocz,
G. H. Taylor,	Pierre Bolle,
J. Bishop,	Robert Bonaventure,
Mr. and Mrs. Mixer and	Rev. C. Simon,
two daughters,	Hyppolite Vaite,
Master W. Culver,	Mr. & Mrs. A. Bougrand,
Mrs. M. Bulkley,	Eugenie Denye,
Miss Wagstaff,	Henri Valat,
Mrs. H. Edgar,	Sebastien Vallot,
Miss E. Edgar,	Mr. and Mrs. X. Bruey,
Miss Edgar,	Xavier Pequignot,
Miss C. Turcos,	Charles Burgoez,
Mrs. H. G. Spafford,	Alexander Clavernil,
Miss A. Spafford,	Mme. Clavernil,
Miss B. Spafford,	Mlle. Aimee Clavernil,
	Miss M. Church,

Rufus W. Peckham, of Albany, Judge of the Court of Appeals, and his wife, were, as is seen, passengers on board the steamer.

The following persons took passage at the wharf as the vessel was about to sail, and were not entered in the formal manifest of the ship:

Mrs. Bom,	Mrs. Clavernil,
Mr. and Mrs. Colloidon,	Annie Clavernil,
Mary H. Church,	Alfred Bougrand,
Charles Creste (nave),	Mr. Adele,
Mrs. Charles Creste,	Mrs. Adele Lack,
Eugenie Casilla,	Sebastien Mosca,
Andonine Lafargue,	Frederic Marconnet (nave),
E. Hesse,	Elise Marconnet,
Antoinette Laues,	Xavier Pequignot,
Annie Nolan,	Rev. C. Simon,
Miss L. Jutman,	Louis Lejeune,
Alexander Clavernil,	Charles Burgoez,
Mme. Bougrand,	Baptiste Bogorocz,
Eugenie Bougrand,	Pierre Denys,
Xavier Bruey,	Mrs. Joseph Dazian,
	Mrs. Bruey,

The ill-starred steamer that has met with so deplorable a doom was the largest that ever docked at New York. She was 430 feet long, and of about 5,000 tons burden; a three-masted screw propeller. She was not, as is generally supposed, a new boat, but was the old *Napoleon III.* altered. The latter vessel was a two-masted side-wheeler. In her interior decorations she was fitted up in a palatial style. The dining-room was as handsome an apartment as can well be imagined. Turkey carpets, pier-glasses, swinging chandeliers of marvelous workmanship, superb furniture—all went to make up a scene of glittering beauty. There was no detail left unattended to that a lavish expenditure of money could arrange. And all through the ship the same tone prevailed. She sailed from this port on November 15th, in charge of Captain Summont.

The following is a fragmentary list of the passengers who were saved, bulletined at the office of the Company, immediately after the receipt of the news:

Summont, Captain.	Vaite, Hyppolite.
De Garre, Second officer.	Cook, Emile.
Vie, Purser.	Creste, Mr.
Guillard, Third Officer.	Cramer, Mr.
Pequignot, Xavier.	Myster, Helen.
Spafford, Mr.	Marconnet Frederick.
Swift, Mr.	McCreery, A. B.
Swift, Mrs.	Bishop, James.
Edgar, Cornelia.	Breeden, Miss.
N. Weiss, Rev. Mr.	Binniger, Fannie.
Withaus, R.	Barbanson, Alfred.
	Bulkley, Mrs.
	Belknap, Henry.

NAMES RECEIVED BUT NOT RECOGNIZABLE AT THE COMPANY'S OFFICES AS THOSE OF PASSENGERS.

Coskey (first name unknown.) Bule (first name unknown.)

Judge Rufus H. Peckham, who is among the lost passengers, was one of the most prominent members of the judiciary in New York State, and was a Judge of the Court of Appeals. He was the father of Wheeler H. Peckham, of the law firm of Miller, Stout-nburgh & Peckham, of this city, and of Rufus Peckham, District Attorney at Albany.

Judge Peckham, on account of ill health, was obliged to discontinue his labors on the bench, and sailed on the *Ville du Havre* for a brief stay in Europe in company with his wife. His indisposition was only slight, it is said, and his general health was remarkably good for a man of his advanced age, nearly seventy years.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Erie Canal is closed by ice.

THE Sprague trust deed has not been executed.

ALABAMA proposes to hold a State Constitutional Convention.

FARMERS' insurance companies are springing up all over Iowa.

THERE will be seven editors in the next Minnesota Legislature.

ALL the lumber mills above Bangor, Me., have ceased operations for the winter.

THE Russian Mennonites have selected a large tract of land in Ida County, Iowa.

THE Masons of New Brunswick, N. J., dedicated a commodious temple last week.

ON Thanksgiving Day \$15,000,000 worth of United States bonds were redeemed.

THE President signed the naturalization treaty between the United States and Ecuador.

THE New Jersey State Grange of Patrons of Husbandry was instituted at Camden on the 25th ult.

THE New Hampshire State Democratic Convention will be held at Concord, January 8th next.

THE citizens of Crescent City, Cal., are working for the construction of a breakwater at that port.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR RICHARD YATES, of Illinois, died suddenly at St. Louis, Mo., on the 27th ult.

GENERAL CARTER has given a valuable cabinet of fossils from Dakota into the custody of the Michigan State Library.

THE famous Hoosac Tunnel was opened on Thanksgiving Day by a single blast. It is 49 feet less than 4½ miles in length.

THE monument to General Robert E. Lee, now in process of construction in Virginia, will be surmounted by a reclining figure of the general.

A DELEGATION of Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, under charge of General John E. Smith, U.S.A., visited the Industrial Exposition at Newark, N. J., on Thanksgiving.

IT is estimated that 30,000 French Canadians have returned to Lower Canada from the United States during the past three weeks, owing to the stoppage of manufacturing.

SUBSCRIPTIONS have been started in St. Louis, Mo., for the family of Captain Fry of the *Virginus*, and theatrical performances will be given in New Orleans for the same object.

G. T. BROCKS, late President of the Merchants' National Bank of Petersburg, Va., charged with embezzling \$100,000, will be sent to the United States Circuit Court for indictment.

AN infernal machine, marked "Andrew H. Green, Personal," was sent to the Controller's Office, New York City, but its character was discovered in time to prevent an explosion.

JAMES H. INGERSOLL, one of Tweed's confederates, was sentenced to five years at hard labor at Sing-Sing; and John D. Farrington, late clerk in Ingersoll's office, to one year and a half.

EDWIN D. LEWIS, the President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, has accepted the position of receiver on Jay Cooke & Co's. bankruptcy case offered by the Court.

THE farmers of New Hampshire propose to have a mass convention at Manchester on the 2d of December, for a general consultation and free discussion of matters pertaining to their position and the means of improving it.

A FEARFUL famine has broken out in Osceola County, Iowa. Among the farmers an abundant harvest was promised this year, but late in the summer the grasshoppers swept the farms of every vestige of vegetation.

THE commemoration of the murder of medical students at Havana was observed in New York City on Thanksgiving Day by special services in the Protestant Episcopal Church of Santiago. An immense concourse of Cubans participated.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON accepted the resignation of his Cabinet last week, and a new one was formed with but one new member. M. Beule, who was Minister of the Interior, has retired, and the Duke de Broglie takes his place, relinquishing the Foreign Ministry to the Duke Decazes.

FOREIGN.

THE Rothschilds announced a Russian five per cent. loan of \$75,000,000.

SIR ROBERT HODGSON has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island.

CARTAGENA, Spain, suffered a bombardment of eight hours, on the 26th ult., by the land batteries.

CUBA has but a little over 1,000,000 inhabitants; but in 1870, despite the war, her sugar and tobacco crop was valued at \$75,000,000 gold.

THE bishops of England have requested Monsignor Capel to undertake the foundation and management of an English Catholic University.

CHILI is beside herself with excitement over the discovery of rich beds of silver ore in the desert of Itacana, a few miles north of Charnaral.

THE British Iron and Steel Institute has accepted the invitation of the American Institute of Mining Engineers to visit this country, and will do so next Fall.

SEÑOR FIGUERRA, whose departure on a special mission to London from Madrid had several times been postponed, has finally abandoned the proposed journey.

IN the trial of Marshal Bazaine, on the 25th, General Boyer testified that Bismarck told him he was willing to grant an armistice if the Army of Metz would declare in favor of Napoleon.

THE Italian Government has absolutely refused to allow the Jesuit Fathers to act as rectors of churches in Rome, and has asked the Cardinal-Vicar to name secular priests in their stead.

ACCORDING to late dispatches from General Wolseley, commanding the Ashantee expedition, the native allies are so cowardly and worthless, that the movements of British troops are seriously retarded.

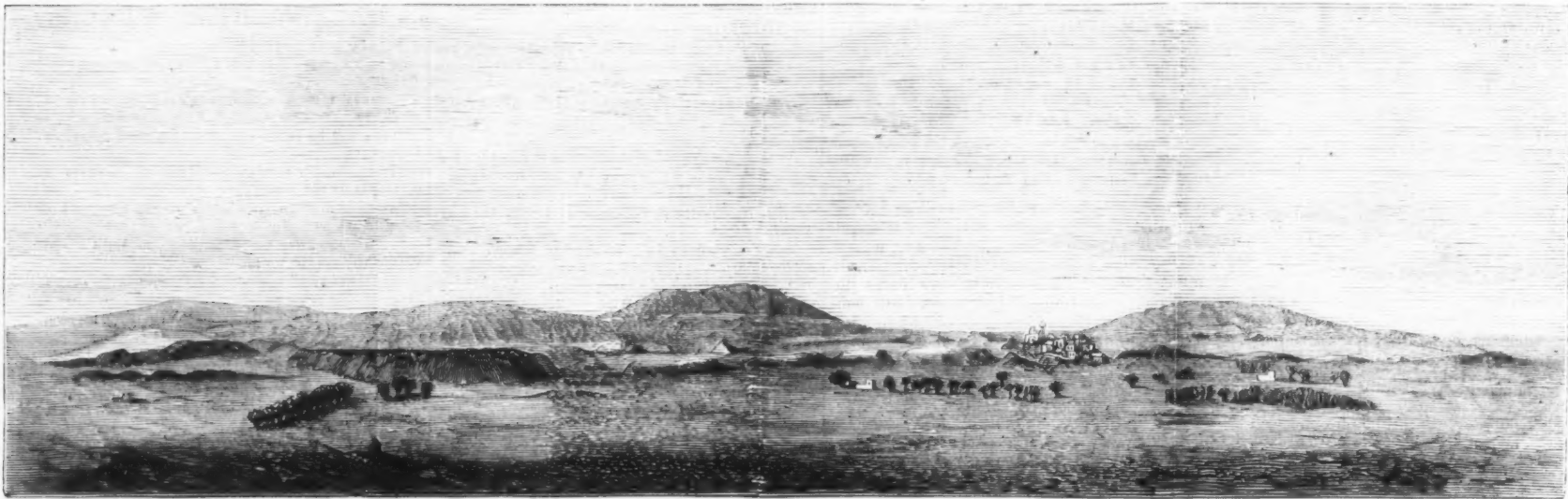
THE Director of the Imperial Russian Telegraph has given his consent to the transmission, free of cost, within the boundaries of the Russian Empire, of messages announcing new astronomical discoveries.

A FRESH sentence has been pronounced against the German Archbishop Ledochowski for continuing unlawfully to institute priests. He is condemned to two years' imprisonment and an additional fine of 5,400 thalers.

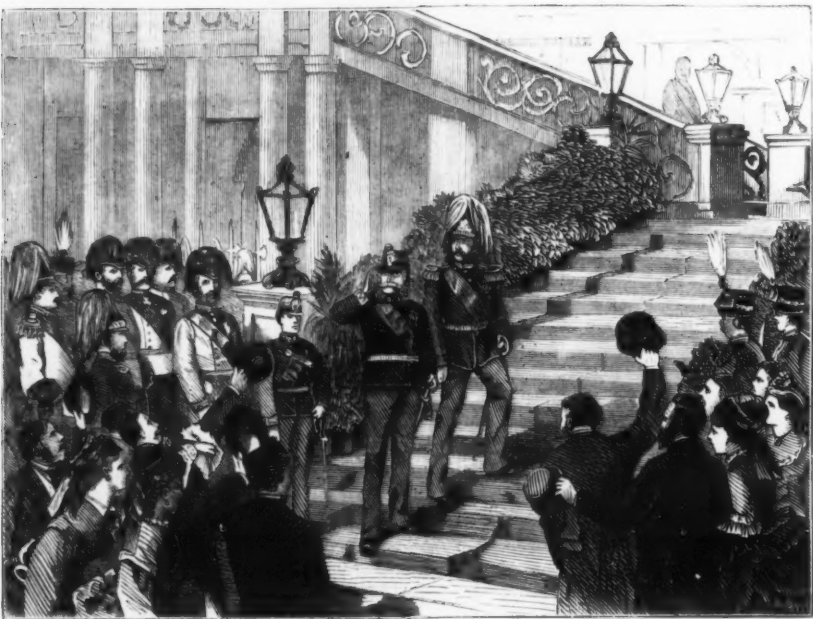
THE Spanish Cabinet agreed to restore the *Virginus* on the 27th of December, salute the United States flag, release the remaining captives, and indemnify the families of the victims.

A BANQUET was given at the American Legation at Vienna in observance of Thanksgiving Day. Minister Jay presided and proposed the toast to the health of the President of the United States and the Emperor of Austria.

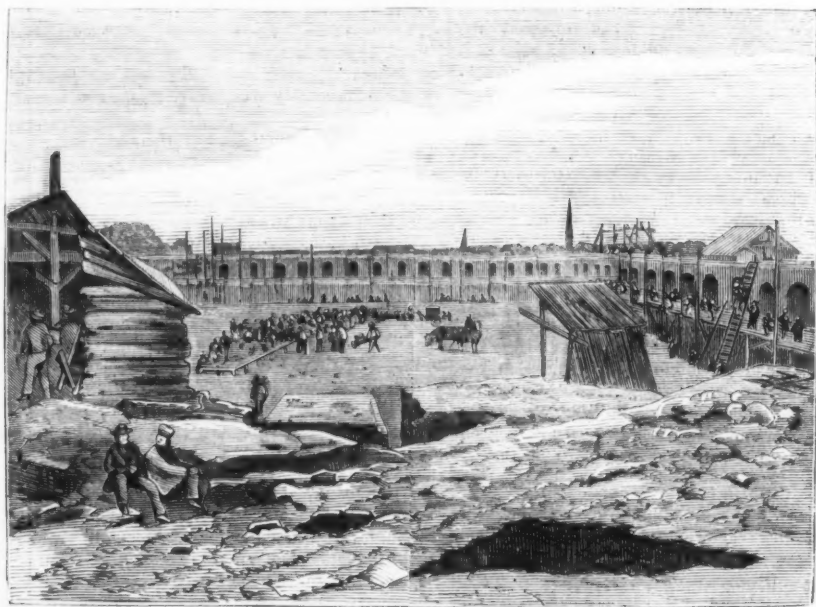
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 231



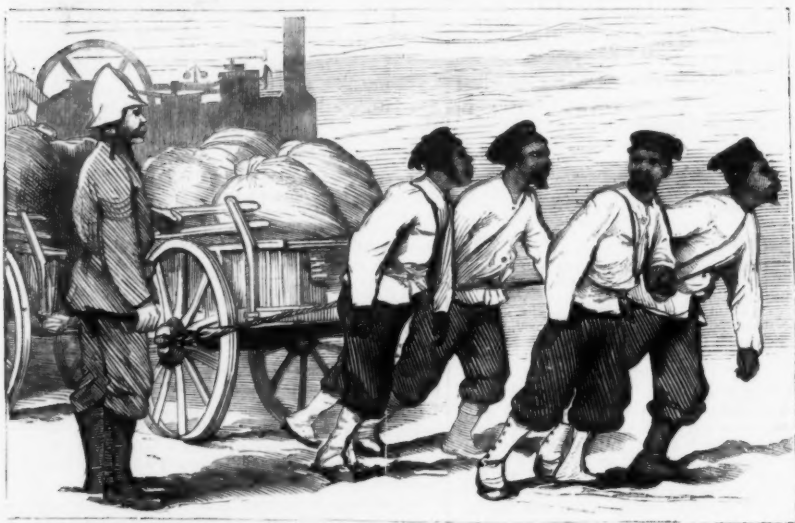
THE LONDON "TELEGRAPH'S" EASTERN EXPEDITION.—THE SITE OF NINEVEH.



AUSTRIA.—ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT SCHOENBRUNN.



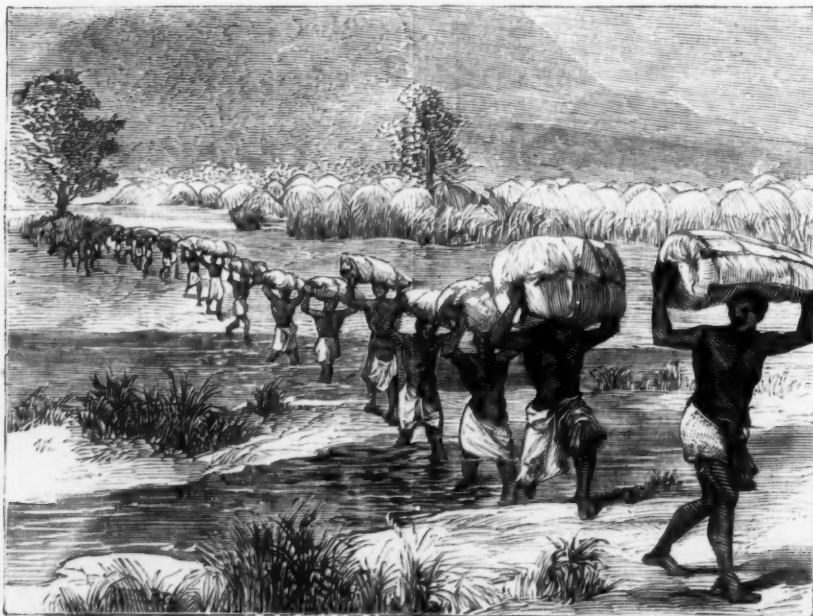
FRANCE.—ACTUAL STATE OF THE RESERVOIRS OF THE VANNE IN THE PLAIN OF MONTSOURIS.



THE ASHANTEE WAR.—A BAGGAGE-WAGON.



FRANCE.—SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ASSEMBLY, NOVEMBER 5TH.



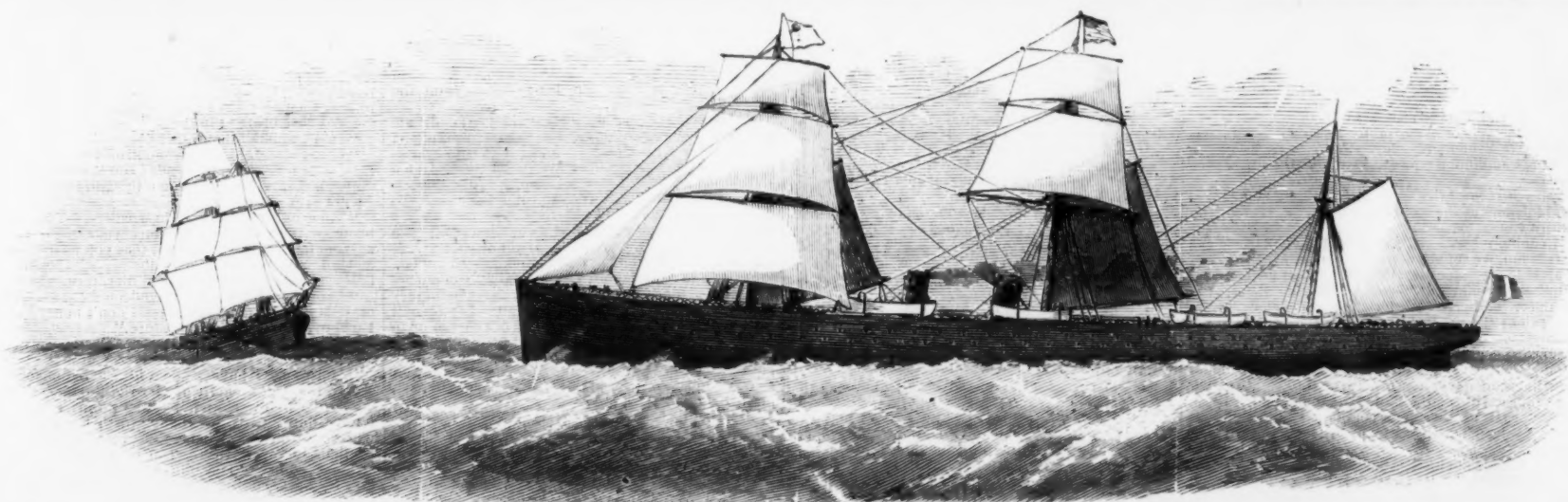
THE LIVINGSTONE RELIEF EXPEDITION.—CROSSING A RIVER IN EAST AFRICA.



THE KHIVA EXPEDITION.—MASSACRE OF LIBERATED PERSIAN SLAVES BY TURCOMANS.



HOOOSAC TUNNEL—FIRING THE LAST BLAST—THE WORKMEN HIDING BEHIND THE BARRICADE TO AVOID FLYING ROCK.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 230.



THE STEAMER "VILLE DU HAVRE," WRECKED, WITH 240 PEOPLE NOVEMBER 22D, IN MID-OCEAN, BY COLLISION WITH THE "LOCH EARN."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 227.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

AT 3:30 o'clock on Thanksgiving afternoon the actual perforation of the Hoosac Mountain, for the great railroad tunnel, was completed. It is proposed to have the entrances, facades, track-beds and approaches so far advanced as to render possible a grand inaugural demonstration on the Fourth of July next.

Inasmuch as the feasibility of boring the mountain has been successfully demonstrated, a brief glance at the history of this twenty years' work, followed by a narrative of personal adventures in a cavern 1,700 feet below the mountain-crest, will prove a subject of much entertainment in these nerve-stricken days.

The Hoosac Tunnel is the greatest specimen of rock-boring in the United States, and, with the sole exception of the Mont Cenis cut, in the world. Its extreme length is forty-nine feet less than four and three-quarters miles, and passes through a mass of mica slate. The inception of the great idea occurred about the year 1825, when it was proposed to cut a passage through the mountain to accommodate

A CANAL FROM TROY TO BOSTON.

that would secure direct water communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the great lakes. A Commission was appointed to select a route, and, after extensive surveys, a report was submitted a year later. This contemplated an enlargement of the Deerfield and Hoosac Rivers, and a tunnel through the mountain near North Adams. To many the scheme appeared visionary in the extreme, but engineers of reputation submitted estimates of the probable nature of the rock, the time necessary for the completion of the enterprise, with the approximate cost. The idea, however, was too gigantic in scope for general comprehension. At an emergency, that threatened the dissolution of the project, the attention of capitalists was directed to a new and more steady method of inter-communication. In 1828 a survey was made for a railroad from Boston through Springfield to the western boundary of the State. In 1841 this road was opened to Albany. During the following year a charter was granted for another similar line, known as the Fitchburg Railroad; and moneyed men were so strongly impressed with the prospective advantages of the new scheme, that the road was pushed rapidly towards completion, and opened about the holidays of 1843-4. Again a charter was granted for a Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, which was speedily completed.

It had seemed that the great engineering feat of boring the mountain would be abandoned, because the sudden opening of so many railroad lines had created the impression that rail communication was far more practical and economical than water. But as soon as the above roads began to transport heavy consignments of stock, it was thought that a great consideration would be

THE SHORTENING OF THE ROUTE.

Accordingly, the idea of the tunnel, not as an accommodation for the canal, but for the railroad, was revived. This was directly brought about by the efforts of surveyors to locate a route for still another railroad, for which a charter had been obtained. The route at first suggested was from Greenfield to the State line, at Williamstown, and thence to Troy, N. Y., by any line with which a connection could be made. In April and May, 1851, the subject was thoroughly debated in the Legislature of Massachusetts, upon an application from the Company for State aid. A vast amount of opposition was expressed, not only by the official votes, but the more influential journals of the State. The question dragged slowly to the close of the session. In 1853 another application for aid was made by the Company; but after being treated to all the peculiarities of legislative and parliamentary discipline, an adjournment was made before the application reached final action. The next year the petition was again presented, and was honored by a reference to a joint special committee, which in February reported a Bill to enable the Company to construct a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain. On the 4th of April following the Bill passed.

By this Act the State pledged itself to a loan of \$2,000,000, to be paid in installments, upon a long list of conditions. Having secured this pecuniary assistance, the directors of the Troy and Greenfield Road hastened to make

THE FIRST CONTRACT FOR BORING

the mountain, and in 1855, E. W. Sewell & Co., of Philadelphia, obligated themselves to perform the great work for \$3,500,000. An appeal was made to towns along the route for subscriptions, but the responses were so discouraging that the contract proved unprofitable, and but a slight excavation was made. Early in the following year a second contract was made with the firm, which in turn was annulled because of the refusal of the State to subscribe to a large amount of stock. In July, 1856, a third contract was made, this time with Herman Haupt & Co., who agreed to build the road and tunnel for \$3,880,000. Considerable progress was made by the firm during the Fall, Winter and following Spring; but in 1858 a second contract was made, by which the firm was to receive \$4,000,000. The work continued, and by July 9th, 1861, the sum of \$778,695 had been paid out by the State. On the 12th a total suspension of work occurred, the State Engineer refusing to certify the bills, on account of a failure on the part of the Company to respect the terms of the contract. In 1863 the State assumed the proprietorship and management of the entire work, and for four years pushed the excavation under its own officers.

During this period, it is claimed the politics became a feature of its progress, and that vast sums of money, instead of being devoted to the work, found their way into the pockets of prominent officials. The charges of corruption became so loud and detailed that, in 1869, the State relinquished the enterprise by contract to Messrs. Walter & Francis Shanley. The sum agreed upon for the completion was \$4,594,268, and the time, five years.

This résumé brings us up to the time of writing, and introduces the gentlemen now in charge of the entire work.

Reaching North Adams about four o'clock in the afternoon, we repaired to the office of the contractor, but failing to meet Mr. Shanley, called at the State Engineer's office, where Mr. Austin Bond, the cashier, and Mr. Wederkinch, the engineer in charge of the Central Shaft, received us with much courtesy. An arrangement was made for the ascent of the mountain early the following morning, in company with the engineer, and the few remaining hours of daylight were devoted to sight-seeing. Calling at the State Building, we found the "Prairie Schooner" in waiting. This is a stout three-seated wagon, propelled by a team of sleek, sure-footed mules.

Mr. Wederkinch, Mr. Bond and ourselves clambered aboard the "Schooner," and as the sun began winking over the mountain-top we started on a nine-mile ride to the Shaft.

A short but exceedingly dignified promenade brought us to the entrance to the Shaft, where we were rolled into the "cage" by Mr. Wederkinch. "At this point," he exclaimed, "we shall go down 1,028 feet. Keep your heads and arms in and you'll be at the bottom all right in a minute and a quarter."

A rap on the iron side, a moment's pause, and down we shot. As the warm air rushed up it formed a mist about the entrance.

"The thermometer averages 58 down here. The air is all condensed above, and furnishes the power for the Burleigh drills, as well as a healthy atmosphere for the workmen."

SUDDENLY IT GREW DARK.

but by the aid of our little lamps we could see the floors or stagings for supporting the air-tubes and running beams of the "cage." Of these there are fifty-six.

The sensations were by no means unpleasant, but before we had an opportunity of really determining just how we felt, the "cage" struck the bottom, and we were rolled out into the immense vault. The Shaft is elliptical in shape, 27x15 feet. It was sunk to the depth of 583 feet, by the State force, and continued by the contractors.

For a few moments we stood in wonderment at the weird appearance of the surroundings. The tunnel was cut to a width of twenty-six feet and height of eight. The sides and roof could be seen only by the trembling glances of the lamps. All sounds were reduced to a prolonged buzz. The blackness of darkness was fully realized. Here and there a twinkle of light flashed in the density of gloom. The air was agreeable. Little by little the eye became accustomed to the strangeness. Suddenly our guide bade us stand aside, and stumbling over what felt like a big vine, we suddenly saw several lights, heard a splashing of water, a shouting of human voices, and then a mule rushed by dragging a couple of rock-laden cars over the subterranean railway.

A miner approached the engineer, and, with a leer rendered most comical by the mysterious shadows, said:

"They're about blasting; ye'd better git out of the way."

Acting on this advice, we hastened ahead to the heading, where several men were listening at the holes just drilled for the sound of their fellows working on the other side. Then hurrying back through water that reached to the knee, and dodging the cataracts that poured from the roof, we came to the magnetic man snugly ensconced behind a barricade of rock, instrument in hand, ready to explode the cans of glycerine thrust into the holes of the heading.

The engineer filled our ears with cotton-waste, and we waited for something to turn up. Suddenly there was a flash, then a sound as if a thousand cannon had been discharged at our backs; next a succession of snorts, like those of the locomotive, rolled along the chamber for several minutes, then quietness. The blast had been fired.

DEATH IN LIFE;

OR,

THE FUTURE OF A FORGERY.

CHAPTER I.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

IT was not yet midnight, by an hour or more, when a first-class steamer from New Orleans arrived at the port of St. Louis.

The whistle had been blown, the landing-bell had been rung, the boat had been made fast to the levee, the gangplank had been run out, and the passengers, with the exception of those who had retired to rest, and who intended to remain on board until morning, were leaving the floating palace that had borne them safely and comfortably to their destination.

Among those who crossed the gangplank from the boat to the levee was a young man who could not have been more than twenty-five years of age. In appearance he was slightly above the medium height, with light hair and complexion, and was dressed with great neatness, if not with absolute elegance. In his right hand he carried a black leather valise, which was the sum total of his baggage.

As he leisurely walked up the levee, he was followed by two men, who had been standing near the shore end of the gangplank when he stepped ashore. They had looked at him closely, had whispered to each other, and had then quietly followed him.

When the young man reached the place where the slope of the levee joined the street, he stopped there, at a little distance from the other passengers, and looked around, as if uncertain what direction he would take. The passengers went on and left him standing there; and the two men, who had followed him up from the boat, walked more slowly, and appeared to be conversing with each other.

By the time the two men reached him, the young man seemed to have made up his mind, and started to cross the street. As he did so one of the men stepped up to him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You are my prisoner, sir!"

The action and the language, unexpected as they were, were enough to startle any person; and it was no wonder that the young man shrunk from the touch, that his face flushed, and that a visible tremor passed over his frame. But he quickly recovered himself, shook off the hand that had been laid upon his shoulder, and turned indignantly upon the man who had touched him.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I say that you are my prisoner. Is your name Clement Whipple?"

"My name is no concern of yours, unless you show some authority for asking it."

"We are detective officers, and we arrest you, on the authority of a dispatch from Memphis, as Clement E. Whipple, charged with forgery. You answer the description exactly, and we have no doubt that you are the man; so you may as well own up, and come along with us quietly."

"I shall own up to nothing, and I have no intention of going with people who show no right to take me. You may go your way, and I will go mine; and I advise you not to attempt to lay hands on me again."

The young man again started to cross the street, and the two officers, after a whispered conversation with each other, hastily followed and seized him. He jerked himself loose from their grasp; but they seized him again, and a scuffle ensued, which attracted the attention of a man who was walking up the street on the other side.

This man crossed over, and asked what was the matter.

There was a cessation of the scuffle, and the officer who had been the spokesman, thought proper, after a whisper from his companion, to answer the question.

"We are detective officers, and have arrested this man, who has just arrived from Memphis on a charge of forgery."

"Anything to prove that you are officers? You are in citizen's dress."

Each of the officers threw open his coat, and showed a small silver shield, with some lettering upon it.

"That proves nothing. For all this gentleman knows, you may be thieves or highwaymen; and there are plenty of people who pass themselves off as private detectives. Have you any warrant for this arrest?"

"We arrest this man on the authority of a dispatch from Memphis."

"If you are officers, you must be well aware that such a proceeding is unlawful. Even the sheriff of the county has no right to arrest the meanest citizen without a warrant. I am a lawyer, and understand what I am saying. If you are officers, you know as well as I do that I have spoken the truth."

"We are in the habit of making arrests on the authority of telegraphic dispatches."

"It is a very bad habit, though you may succeed with men who are ignorant of their rights, or are willing to be arrested. Does this gentleman submit to your arrest?"

"Indeed I do not," said he with the valise. "I deny that I have committed any crime, and I deny the right of these men to arrest me."

"Very well. If you know your rights, there is nothing more to be said about the matter."

"You are much mistaken, if you think that we are to be put off in this style," said the officer. "We will do our duty, and arrest this man. We take the responsibility."

"Perhaps he may have doubts about your responsibility. Are you armed, sir?"

The young man with the valise drew a pistol.

"You know your rights, sir, and I presume that you are as willing to take the responsibility as these men are. If a man attempts to arrest you unlawfully, you have the right to resist the attempt, to the death if necessary. It is your own affair, and I will stand by to see fair play."

The officers drew back, and whispered together again.

"I suppose you have the law on your side, if you press it to that point," said the spokesman; "but this is not the end of the matter. You, sir, who have interfered in this business, will be sorry for what you have done."

"That is possible; but I have done nothing wrong. The liberty of the citizen is not to be interfered with, in this country, without the authority of law. Here is my card. I will go to the office of the Chief of Police in the morning, and will ask him whether he allows such outrages to be committed. If you are going up-town, sir, I will walk with you. I believe that these people have concluded to leave you alone for the present."

He with the valise gladly assented to this proposal, restored his pistol to its place, and took up his valise.

Side by side, the two young men walked up Walnut Street, the officers following them at a little distance. When they reached Fourth Street they turned to the right.

"Were you thinking of going to a hotel?" asked the one who had interfered in the fracas.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you had better go to my rooms. Those people seem to be following us, and I suppose they want to spot the house you go to. If they are really detectives, as I suppose they are, they will probably get out a bogus warrant, so as to hold you for a requisition, or something of the sort."

"I am very much obliged to you; I am in a hurry to reach the East, and must not be delayed, if I can help it."

After walking two or three blocks, they turned in at the open door of a public building, and the officers in pursuit quickened their steps. But the pursued passed through a hall and a series of passages, into an alley in the rear, by which they reached Third Street. They then went on to Locust Street, and up Locust to a large dwelling-house of respectable appearance, where Number Two—as it may be convenient to call the party who had given the invitation—opened the door with a latch-key, and ushered in his companion.

They were soon seated in a well-furnished room, the gas was turned on, and it could be seen that Number Two was a young man, perhaps a year or so younger than his companion, with dark eyes and complexion, short black hair, inclined to curl, and a beard that was quite heavy for a man of his age. He was tall, well knit and muscular, and was dressed in a dark business suit.

"Have a cigar?" he asked, taking one from his well-filled case. "By-the-way, what is your name?"

"Whipple—Clement E. Whipple."

"Mine is Charles Henshaw. Now that we have been introduced to each other, I want you to make yourself entirely at home here. These are my quarters, though I am about to give them up, and you will be safe here for a day or two, at least."

"You are very kind, and I hope that I may yet have a chance to prove to you that I appreciate your kindness. I don't know what would have happened if you had not come to my assistance as you did. I was quite sure that those men had no right to arrest me, but I did not know that I could go so far in defending myself as you said I might. I suppose that I would have given in at last, and would now be an inmate of a station-house."

"Yes; a good many people are ignorant of their personal rights, and the detectives take advantage of their ignorance. It is often a good thing to arrest a man without complying with the formalities of law, but, if such power should be given to any man, or set of men, it would be liable to great abuse. You had the appearance of a gentleman, and those men had not; that is why I interfered. They might have been garroters. They said that you were accused of having committed a forgery in Memphis. If you have no objection to telling me, I would like to know whether you have been guilty of doing business in such an irregular way. Don't tell me, if you have the least delicacy on the subject."

"I can't have any delicacy with you, and I am sure that I ought to conceal nothing from you. I was a clerk with Elting & Co., a commission drug-house in Memphis. You know what a tiger's-den Memphis is. I was introduced to faro, and the fascinations of the animal were too much for me. To cover my losses, and to get money to play with, I forged three acceptances of Eastern houses, to the amount of three thousand dollars in all. It wasn't a very big thing; but it was big enough to kill me. Like all the other fools, I expected to win money enough to take up this paper, so that the forgery should not be discovered. Like all other fools, I lost, and there was nothing for it but to run or to go to prison. I hoped to get out of reach before the facts should be known; but there is no getting out of reach of the telegraph. A dispatch was sent to St. Louis, and the detectives were put on the alert."

"That is bad," muttered Henshaw.

"It was a clear case of forgery, and I can't pretend to justify it or apologize for it. I confess it to you as it is, and you would do no more than right if you should deliver me over to the authorities. There is only one plea that I can urge in asking you not to do so."

"What is that?"

"It has been my intention to repay the money to those who suffered by the forgery—every cent of it. Of course I could not do that in prison. I have been doing something in the literary line, and have a finished work in my valise. I have sent extracts to a publisher in New York, who has offered me a large sum for it if it meets his expectations—as I know it will. That will at least give me a start. If I can do no better, I shall make application to my father, who is a wealthy merchant in Boston. It is true that we parted company a long time ago on bad terms, and that he has discarded me; but I believe that he would be willing to help me out of this scrape. At all events, I mean to pay the money, on condition that I shall not be prosecuted."

"That sounds fair enough; but what will you do in the meantime? The parties whose names you have taken in vain will be likely to hunt you down."

"I can arrange that easily enough. If I can reach New York, I will have no fear."

"That can be managed. I believe all you have said, and think you ought to have a chance for your life. I am willing to help you that far, on the condition that you will forswear gambling."

"I have already done so. I shall never trust myself within reach of the tiger's claws again."

"It will be necessary to elude these detectives; but that can be easily done. They are not so sharp as they pretend to be. To-night I leave for New York. That is my home, although I am a Western man by nature and habit, rather than an Eastern man. We will go together, and I will keep you housed up in this room until we start."

"How will we get rid of the detectives?"

"You will go as my mother."

An involuntary burst of laughter followed this remark, and the serious aspects of the case were lost sight of for the moment.

"There will be no trouble about it," said Henshaw. "I can confide in my landlady, and between us we will give you a first-class make-up as an old woman. You will get to New York safely enough, and then it is to be hoped that you will straighten up your Memphis business. Now we had better get some rest."

The next night Charles Henshaw took passage on an eastward-bound train from East St. Louis, escorting an old lady, who appeared to be somewhat of an invalid. Near the train was the detective who had attempted to arrest Clement Whipple, who closely scrutinized Henshaw and his companion.

When Henshaw had seated the old lady, he told her that he would step out and attend to the baggage. As he went on to the platform, he was accosted by the detective.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said that individual; "but I believe that you are the gentleman who interfered with me last night when I was arresting a man from Memphis."

"I remember meeting you last night," replied Henshaw. "We won't argue about the circumstances. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I wish you would tell me what became of that man, if you know."

"He passed the night at my room. He told me that he was going East this evening, and I understood him to say that he meant to take this train."

"Thank you, sir; but I think he lied to you."

In a few moments the train started, and Henshaw and his companion were whirled away, far from St. Louis and the vainly waiting detective.

CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

THE scene changes to the second floor of a fine building on Fourteenth street, in New York, the city of excitement and extremes.

On the ground-floor of this building was a fashionable restaurant. The second floor had been engaged, for one night, by Mark Hulford, a young gentleman who, having just made a successful debut in the literary world, had seen fit to signalize the occasion by giving an entertainment to a number of his friends and acquaintances. In the front room of the suite, an elegant table was set, surrounded by a motley gathering of "choice spirits," among whom were successful authors, publishers, hard-working editors, Bohemians of the Press, actors and people of undefined pursuits, who were known by the generic title of men about town. At the head of the table, flushed, hilarious and hospitable, was the giver of the feast.

The plentiful viands were duly discussed, the costly wines were more than tasted, toasts and speeches and songs proceeded in due order or disorder, wit and wisdom flowed as freely as the wine, and the entertainment was so fully enjoyed by all concerned, that it was not until after two o'clock in the morning that the party broke up, and the guests gradually took their leave, after congratulating their host upon the success both of his literary venture and his "little supper."

Two only remained in the room, besides the waiters from the restaurant that had furnished the feast—Mark Hulford and a young gentleman who had occupied the seat at his right hand during the feast.

"It is over at last, Henshaw," said the former, "and I am glad of it. It was a success; but I soon grow weary of that sort of thing. Come into my room, and let us have a quiet smoke."

Leaving the waiters to clear away the remains of the feast, the two young men passed through the back room of the suite, into a smaller apartment, where Hulford closed and locked the door, turned on the gas, and produced a cigar-case, which he handed to his companion.

"I hope the world looks brighter to you, Whipple, than it looked when I first had the pleasure of meeting you in St. Louis," said Henshaw, when he had lighted his cigar.

"Do you call it a pleasure—that style of meeting? Well, it is one of the forms of speech that we are in the habit of using, and those forms are very good things in their way. That meeting was a pleasure to me, Charley; but I hate to think of the circumstances that brought it about."

"Don't think of them, then."

"But I must. Can we control our thoughts? they take possession of us, and run the machine as they please. There are some thoughts that I fear I will never get rid of."

"Time and change will do wonders. You have been so long shut up, feeding your mind upon nothing but your own fancies, that you have grown morbid. I suppose I may now consider you as fairly launched upon the sea of literature."

"Launched, but neither rigged nor manned. The craft is waterlogged already. I don't believe that I will ever make another venture."

"What do you mean? Has not this one proved as successful as you supposed it would be?"

"More so. I have made a hit. I happened to strike the right chord at the right time, and to catch the public ear; but I take no pride in what I have done. It's not really worth much, and it will soon be forgotten. But that is not what troubles me. You have seen me forced to adopt an assumed name, and to live in seclusion—though that was the better for my work—trembling all the while, like the thief who sees in every bush an officer. All this worry and wear—this actual agony,

as I may well term it—because of that wretched performance of mine in Memphis. It is not only sorrow for what I have done that troubles me, but fear of the consequences of the act. I can't help feeling like a criminal—worse than that, like a hunted criminal, and this feeling paralyzes all my energies."

"That is a bad state of affairs, Whipple. If I were in your place, I would try hard to change it. The more notoriety you gain, even under an assumed name, the more dangerous it will be for you. If you should become really celebrated, there is not an incident connected with your past life that will not be inquired into."

"I know that well enough, and I must guard against becoming notorious—at least until I can settle those claims and get rid of the fear of prosecution."

"What are the chances? Will your work pay you enough to settle them?"

"I have not enough for all of them, and there is no use in touching one or two. I might have got more for my work in the end, if I had accepted a royalty, instead of selling the copyright; but you know how I am placed. I was compelled to realize, as the merchant says. You may have thought that this supper was a needless piece of extravagance; but it was not very costly, and I only have the rooms for this night. My baggage is here, and I leave for Boston this morning."

"For Boston?"

"Yes. I know that you wonder what is taking me there; and that you are too much of a gentleman to ask the question. The world does look brighter to me, Henshaw, and I believe it will not be long before there will be an end of my troubles. I have lately received a letter from Boston, informing me of the death of my father."

"Indeed! Was your banquet, then, a mourning feast or a jollification?"

"It had no reference to that event, as the letter was not received until all the arrangements for the supper had been made. But I don't pretend to mourn. As I have told you, there was little love lost between Maurice Whipple and his only son. I wrote to him when I returned from the West, after that Memphis affair, and honestly told him all that had happened, and gave him my address, under the name of Mark Hulford, and asked him to help me out of the scrape. He did not condescend to answer my letter; but it seems that he remembered me."

"In his will?"

"Exactly so. He left me half of his estate."

"What becomes of the other half?"

"It goes to my sister."

"Didn't know that you had a sister."

"I don't know that I have, myself; but I once had a sister. Ours is a sad family history, and I have never told it to you entirely. In fact, I have been ashamed to; but I may as well tell it, if you care to hear it."

"I would be glad to, as I suppose there must be some romance in it."

"It appears to me to be a quite unpleasant reality. My sister, if she is living, must be at least half a dozen years younger than I am, and it is so long since I have seen her, that I would not be likely to recognize her if I should meet her. My own mother died when I was quite young, and after a few years my father married again. His second wife was a young widow from South Carolina, whom he met at a watering-place. She was called a strikingly handsome woman, though I never admired her style of beauty. There was too much red in her face and too much fire in her eyes to please me. In fact, if I must speak the plain truth, she had a dence of a temper. She was rich, her late husband having left her all his property, without restriction, and her marriage with Maurice Whipple met the approval of Mrs. Grundy as being an excellent match. So Massachusetts and South Carolina came together; but, as might have been expected, they were no sooner joined than they began to draw apart. They managed to keep up an appearance of peace in the family, notwithstanding their numerous spats, until my half-sister was born, and then my troubles began in earnest. Previous to that time my stepmother only disliked me; then she positively hated me. Being a high-spirited young fellow, I resented her ill-treatment by all means I could think of, and that, of course, made matters worse. She changed her course with my father, who fell desperately in love with her again, and she took advantage of his renewed affection to set him against me. Then, as the women say in their petitions for divorce, my condition became intolerable, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that home was no longer any place for me. To put on the cap-sheaf of my troubles, I was convinced that she meant to poison me."

"Go easy, my boy. Your narrative, thus far, is only the oft-told story of a selfish stepmother, an infatuated father, and a willful son. Now it is becoming so romantic that it verges on the improbable. Can't you leave out the poisoning part of your yarn?"

"Positively, I cannot. You may consider it the mere figment of a boy's unruly imagination; but I am convinced, to this day, that she not only meant to poison me, but actually attempted to do so. My father and I had a stormy session one day. He accused me of all manner of new offenses which she had invented, and I, in return, poured red-hot shot into her from all the guns I had in battery. At last I brought up my reserves, and accused her of trying to poison me. That ended the action. It was such a horrible accusation that my father fell back on his paternal dignity, and stared me out of countenance. Then we concluded a treaty of peace, by which I was to retire to college with the honors of war, and the paternal enemy was to charge himself with my support. I was not so silly as to suppose myself the conqueror, as I knew that my stepmother was the real victor. Since that day I have not set foot in his house, and have not seen him or my stepmother or sister. Hope I am not boring you, Henshaw. Take another cigar."

"Thank you. Where does the romance come in, Whipple?"

"The rest of my story, if not romantic, is rather out of the usual run of family difficulties. After I left them, Massachusetts and South Carolina were soon at outs again, and went into the cat-and-dog business on a larger scale than ever."

"Don't be quite so disrespectful."

"How can I help it? You know that I hated her, and it can hardly be supposed that I would have any affection for him. As they did business together, and that business was decidedly hostile to my interests, I was bound to dislike both members of the firm. Towards each other their enmity increased, but there is no guessing how much too hot the house became for both of them. So hot was it for my father that he went away, on a business tour, as he said, but in reality to get rid of his wife for a while. When he returned, he discovered that he was indeed rid of her, as she had left Boston with her child, and had emigrated to parts unknown. As her property had been settled upon herself, she easily converted it into money, and took with her everything that belonged to her. She had left no message for her affectionate husband—she went, and made no sign."

"A good riddance for your father," remarked Henshaw, seeming to think that he ought to say something.

"Alas for the weakness of human nature! He was silly enough to search for her, and I am not sufficiently charitable to suppose that he did so merely for the sake of his daughter. However, it is some consolation to know that the search was unsuccessful. She had covered her flight so effectually, that not a trace was to be found, and I have reason to believe that he never saw her, nor had any intelligence of her, to the day of his death."

"That was breaking up housekeeping with a vengeance. I should think that he would then have returned to his first love, and have sent for his son."

"So he did; but the love was no longer reciprocal. I supposed that she would return to him after a while, and that then, reversing the case of Job, my last estate would be worse than my first. At last he threatened me; but I had a very headstrong spirit—I called it independence, you know. Then he withdrew his supplies of the sinews of war, and I left college and struck out for myself. I had moderate success as a swimmer, but fell into bad ways, which is not to be wondered at; in fact, I had not far to fall, and was finally thrown ashore on a faro-bank at Memphis. Is there any romance in that, Henshaw?"

"A fair allowance. You were so badly set adrift, that I can hardly wonder at your Memphis escapade. Perhaps your father's troubles broke down his health, and brought him to his grave?"

"I don't know about that. He had his passion for money-making to fall back upon. When one of our senses is lost, you know, some other sense is strengthened. Besides, he was a member of the old-fashioned Congregational Church, and must have had such consolation as he could get out of the solemn severities of Calvinism. I don't think he was a man to break his heart."

"Do you suppose that he has left half of his property to his daughter, without knowing what had become of her?"

"That is precisely what I do suppose. It is probable that he made some provision in his will, or left some instructions, providing that a search should be made for her. It is sufficient for me to know that my share will be something big."

"You will soon be able, then, to settle up those Memphis matters?"

"I hope so, but am in doubt about it. I can't help feeling a presentiment that I will have trouble in that quarter. I shall be obliged to work very carefully, and to feel my way in the dark."

"Nonsense! If you are willing to pay enough, they will be glad to drop the matter."

"I can only repeat that I hope so. I have already had a foretaste of trouble. Did you notice Chip Chetlain at the supper?"

"Chip Chetlain? Who is he?"

"Thought you knew him. That well-dressed, fine-looking fellow at the foot of the table. He is a high-caste gambler."

"A gambler! How could you invite him?"

"He knows everybody, and everybody knows him. He writes his name Reginald Chetlain, I believe, but is generally called Chip. He is capital company, and is always expected to make one at such a stag party as mine. Besides, I wanted to have him under my eye. He has been quite inquisitive concerning me lately, and has asked some questions that have put me on my guard. Tuesday, when I was downtown, I happened to see Chetlain step into a telegraph office, where he inquired the rates to Memphis, and sent off a message. I got a sight of that message—no matter how—and what do you suppose it was?"

"I think I might guess."

"It was to my old employers, Elting & Co. He told them that he believed he could give them information concerning Clement E. Whipple, and asked them if they wanted it. I also saw the return dispatch, in which Elting & Co. told Chetlain to communicate with Byars & Wilson, of this city. I watched him at the supper, and judged from his manner that nothing definite had yet been determined upon."

"He is on your track, of course. All the more reason for rejoicing in the good fortune that has fallen to you, and all the more reason for getting out of this city as soon as possible. I will say good-by, Whipple, wishing that your good luck may continue."

"Thank you. Whatever may happen, I will never forget your kindness and friendship. I can't say how soon I will return to New York, but it will not be until I have settled everything. Before you see me again, there will be an end of my troubles."

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE LONDON "TELEGRAPH'S" EASTERN EXPEDITION—SITE OF NINEVEH.

About the beginning of the year, the London *Daily Telegraph*, impressed with the existence of many as yet undiscovered records of the life and traditions of the East in the dim past, made an arrangement with the British Museum, by which Mr. George Smith, of the Museum, was given leave of absence from his official duties for six months, in order to allow him to make a tour to the site of the ancient city of Nineveh. He has returned and brought with him invaluable information and rare relics, among others some broken tablets that give an account of the deluge. We publish a sketch which he made of the site of Nineveh, with the mounds of earth and stone called the Birs Nimroud, as seen from the top of the Khan Bales, near Mosul.

ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT SCHOENBRUNN.

While at Vienna, during the Exhibition, the German Emperor William resided at the Chateau of Schoenbrunn. He arrived there, escorted by the Emperor of Austria and suite, October 18th. The Chateau of Schoenbrunn was built by Leopold I., in 1689; it contains 1,441 rooms and a celebrated picture-gallery. In one of the rooms of this chateau died, July 22d, 1832, the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I., aged 21 years, of consumption.

FRANCE—ACTUAL STATE OF THE RESERVOIRS OF THE VANNE, IN THE PLAIN OF MONTMOURIS.

The building of aqueducts and reservoirs has always been a subject that enters largely into the prospect of a city. Those that are situated on the borders of rivers can accomplish the supply of fresh water for the use of their inhabitants in a comparatively easy manner, but not so when the sites are remote from lake or river. Then it is necessary to bring the water to the city by engineering skill. The Romans were unexcelled in their knowledge of this subject, and their aqueducts stand to-day as marvels of the past. The City of Paris, although admirably supplied in this respect, has seen fit to still further augment its water facilities,

and has begun the construction of a new set of immense reservoirs in its vicinity. They are to be filled from the Vanne, where it debouches into the plain of Montmours. We present a picture of the progress of the work.

THE LIVINGSTONE RELIEF EXPEDITION—CROSSING A RIVER IN EAST AFRICA.

The Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition, sent out by England for the discovery of the great explorer, is steadily pushing its way through East Africa. An extract from a letter written to London by one of the officers in command, says: "On April 16th, after incessant journeying through an undulating, densely wooded country, it was refreshing to get a view of the Duthumi hills or mountains from our camp, near the Unkerengeri River. This river we forded on the 17th (as shown in the sketch,) and again on the 24th, near the Siori city, Simbawenni. We encountered no difficulty in crossing the Unkerengeri or the Makata River; the great swamp was in good traveling order, and we reached Rebeniko, in Usagara, May 1st."

THE KHIVA EXPEDITION—THE MASSACRE OF LIBERATED PERSIAN SLAVES BY THE TURCOMANS.

At the time the Russian columns took up their march against the Khan of Khiva there were about 30,000 Persians held in bondage by the Khan and the Turcoman princes and chiefs of his dominions. But when General Kaufmann took possession of Khiva, one demand of his was that all these slaves should be liberated. They were divided into battalions of 3,000 each, and started on their weary tramp for Persia. The Russians were not able to spare them an escort, or the melancholy massacre of many hundreds of them would have been avoided; for while passing the walls of Massovar Oratogod a detachment of the Persians was fallen upon by an armed party of their former Turcoman masters, and hundreds of them were slain. We present a sketch of the dismal scene, taken shortly after the murderers had quit their bloody work. The dead bodies were allowed to remain just where they fell.

THE ASHANTEE WAR—A BAGGAGE TRAIN.

The manner in which baggage, medical stores and the like should be transported in the Ashantee country was an important consideration in the English mind while the warlike preparations were fitting out. We give an illustration of a light machine called the "China Cart," which will be used largely for that purpose. This truck, 3 feet 10 inches long by 1 foot 8½ inches wide, and 10½ inches deep, is made so that it doubles up into a small compass, which idea saves room on shipboard. It is also provided with hooks by which two or more of the carts can be coupled together. Some of the barrows will be arranged for portable medicine-chests.

FRENCH AFFAIRS—SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ASSEMBLY ON NOVEMBER 5TH.

The question of the prolongation of the Presidential powers of Marshal MacMahon has been a fruitful source of excitement lately in the French Assembly. On November 5th, after a stormy debate, it was resolved, by a narrow majority of 362 votes against 348, that the proposal to renew Marshal MacMahon's governing powers for ten years should be kept separate from the legal and constitutional reforms submitted to the Parliamentary Committee. While this vital question was being agitated the populace were wonderfully exercised, manifesting their interest by thronging the entrance to the Assembly building. We give a sketch of the scene, taken at the Porte du Maroc.

SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

CLEANING PIG-IRON.—Professor Scheerer, of the Mining Academy of Freiberg, recommends for the removal of phosphorus from pig-iron during the puddling process, that chlorides of calcium and sodium in equal parts be fused together. The phosphorus and the chlorides combine, and it is removed in the slag.

WHERE IS MOUNT SINAI?—Dr. Beke, who, it will be remembered, disputes the traditional location of Mount Sinai, is in earnest hopes that sufficient funds will be guaranteed to enable him to carry out his projected expedition. At present he claims that the interesting spot, instead of being anywhere within the peninsula between the Gulfs of Suez and Akaba, is situated in the Arabian Desert, east of the head of the latter gulf.

LATE RESEARCHES IN POMPEII.—The form of a male body has been recently discovered in the burnt city, at an elevation that would suggest a second story floor. A cast in plaster of Paris was taken, which revealed a true portrait. The form lies upon the left side, resting the head in the right hand, the left being bent beneath the breast. The right leg is stretched out stiff, and the left drawn up. The entire appearance is indicative of slumbering repose.

A PRIZE FOR THE MUSEUM OF ARTS.—The trustees of the American Museum of Art did well in acquiring the ownership of the valuable collections of the late Edouard Verreaux, of Paris, and Prince Maximilian of Neuwied. Another opportunity is now presented of securing an immense assortment of fossil plants collected during the last thirty years in the life of Dr. Goppert, of Breslau. There are over 1,100 specimens, including 200 distinct representations of amber, with their inclosed plants, and a set of diamonds. Dr. Goppert is anxious to dispose of these, and it is to be hoped the trustees will find it possible to purchase them.

TESTING THE SUN'S HEAT.—Dr. Lohse, the astronomer, has devised a singular method for determining whether the sun-spots exhibit any marked difference of heat radiation from that of the surrounding solar surface. Paper, prepared by floating it upon a solution of one part of crystallized chloride of cobalt in three parts of water, after being dried by exposure to the air, was allowed to receive the sun's image, formed by the eleven-inch refractor of the Botkamp Observatory, for about two minutes. A well-defined blue image of the sun appeared, in which the diminution of heat near the sun's limb was plainly seen. No trace was discoverable of the small spots, and up to the last intelligence Dr. Lohse had not been able to observe a large spot.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—The apparatus invented by M. Janssen for photographing the apparent contact of Venus with the edge of the Sun will undoubtedly be adopted by all governmental observers. The photographic plate is in the form of a disk, fixed upon a plate which rotates upon an axis parallel to that of the telescope. Before it is placed another disk, forming a screen, in which is a small aperture, in order to limit the photographic action to the edge of the Sun. The plate which carries the sensitive disk has 180 teeth, and is placed in communication with an escapement apparatus actuated by an electric current. At each second the pendulum of a clock interprets the current, and the plate turns one tooth, so that at each second a fresh portion of the photographic plate is exposed. Thus, in as many seconds, 180 images of the Sun and the planet can be obtained. When the series relating to the first contact is obtained, the plate is withdrawn and another substituted, which gives the second contact, and so on for the fourth.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

Work was resumed at the Newburg (N. Y.) cotton factory.

GARNER & Co.'s print-works, at Wappinger Falls, N. H., have resumed.

The steam-mills at Newburgh, N. Y., have commenced work again with 400 hands.

The large shoe firms of Groveland, Mass., are starting up, and much encouragement is felt.

The paper-collar manufacturers at Troy, N. Y., employ over 2,000 girls, and are running full time.

The Union Banking Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., has resumed business with an increased capital.

During all the panic none of the important manufacturing of New Bedford, Mass., have stopped.

PATERSON, N. J., has determined to give the unemployed poor work on the streets at 12½ cents per hour.

The Harmony Mills, at Cohoes, N. Y., employing nearly 5,000 persons, have resumed work on full time.

The majority report of the New York Chamber of Commerce favors the immediate resumption of specie payments.

The officers of the Taunton (Mass.) Locomotive Manufacturing Company say their men are well provided for hard times.

The President of a National Bank of Paterson, N. J., offered to loan the city \$100,000, on the note of the Mayor, to relieve the poor.

PROCTOR'S tannery and Jacob's sheep-skin factory, two of the largest establishments in Peabody, Mass., have started on full time.

The De Soto Bank, of Memphis, Tenn., has resumed business, and it is thought that the First National Bank will do the same in a few days.

On the 15th of December a dividend of 30 per cent will be declared for the creditors of the Bank of the Commonwealth, of New York City.

All the rolling-mills at Coatesville, Chester County, Pa., have received large orders from the United States Government, which will make operations lively during the winter.

A large meeting of workmen was held in Philadelphia recently. Resolutions were adopted, urging the local and municipal governments to provide work, and advocating a mass meeting and procession.

The lumbering season in Davenport, N. Y., closed last week. The amount of lumber sawed reaches 30,000,000 feet. Prices for lumber are much higher this year than last, and manufacturers will carry over a heavy amount this winter.

The number of hogs packed to November 22d, in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Peoria, Ill., and Des Moines, Ia., is 680,677, or 183,394 more than at the same period last season. Chicago shows an excess of 186,562; Cincinnati estimated at 20,000; Milwaukee, 8,500; Indianapolis, 5,146.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN will winter in Paris.

Mrs. ISABELLA BROOKER HOOKER is happy as the grand-mother of twins.

No wonder that when Salvini plays Samson he brings down the house.

MR. BRADLAUGH was at one time a private soldier in the British army.

RAFAEL SEMNER, who commanded the *Alabama*, is a candidate for Mayor of Mobile.

FRED DOUGLASS is lecturing on John Brown. He is said to have the hang of it to a dot.

MISS NELLIE GRANT will be among the pretty Martha Washington girls at the Centennial tea-party.

ROSCOE CONKLING is said to have declined the Chief Justiceship, which, if it be true, was a very good thing for Roscoe to do.

THE anniversary of the birth of Simon Bolivar was celebrated at Caracas, South America, on October 28th, with great ceremony. Simon was not present.

CONSTANTINA CORTI is dead. We never heard of him before, but when an Italian dies, it's safe to suppose that he was a shining operatic light, and to mourn him accordingly.

Mrs. M. L. RAYNE, the editor of the *Chicago Fashion Magazine*, who is said to be both handsome and talented, is to take the lecture-field with a discourse on "Fashion and Folly."

THE Emperor of Germany has conferred upon Dr. Döllinger, on the occasion of his fifty years' professor's jubilee, the Order of the Red Eagle of the second class with the Star.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, an English physician, charges \$100 a visit. It is very expensive, because he doesn't always kill in one visit. People in moderate circumstances find it cheaper to die.

THEY are getting up a testimonial in London to Stephen Fiske, editor of the *Hornet*, as a compliment to him for the energetic manner in which he defends the interests of the Stage and Press.

TO a phrenologist who wished to examine his skull Dickens wrote: "Dear Sir.—At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure, I will willingly place it at your disposal."

Mrs. HAMILTON FISH has resumed her fortnightly receptions at her residence in Washington. In January Mrs. Fish will give a grand ball, at which Miss Edith Fish will make her debut in society.

KING LUIS, of Portugal, has given his wife, the Queen, a gold medal for heroically rescuing their children from drowning. This is a kind of medalling in a wife's affairs that the wife does not object to.

A PRIVATE letter says that ex-Comptroller Connolly is living very quietly in a small town in the interior of Ireland, on the interest of a miserable pittance of \$3,000,000 obtained in New York in a light industry.

THE full dress of King Koffee Kankali, of the Ashantee country, consists of a few postage-stamps. We can therefore say, in the language of the post, his dress is but the postage-stamp, and a man's a man for all that.

A STREET-CAR conductor in Detroit picked up a navy revolver from the floor as several passengers were departing the other day, and a well-dressed woman claimed it, with the remark: "That's the second time I've lost that to-day."

Is one of the principal restaurants in Paris a single guest lately sat down to a table laid for thirteen. He signified to the person that the other twelve places were taken, and proceeded quietly to eat his dinner. For twenty years, on the same day, he had dined at a table similarly furnished. This year he was unaccompanied, except by memories of the dead. On the first anniversary the thirteen places were all filled, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, and the Comte de Flehac of the number. Next year one chair—like Banquo's—was empty. Year after year passed, and though the friends were fewer, the seats were placed as for the original party. During the course of the present year the last but one died, and the survivor, M. Rabellas, the artist, in his eighty-fourth year, dined alone.



PEACE—WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE.
CASTELAR, PRESIDENT OF SPAIN—"Uncle Sam, in order to appease you, I agree to give up the Virginians, with her surviving crew, and to honor your flag."
UNCLE SAM—"Then the affair is settled."
SPANISH VOLUNTEER (in Cuba)—"Settled? I'll scuttle your old ship, shoot your men, and tear both your flaps in tatters! I'll surrender nothing; and Castelar has not the power to compel me. I defy you both!"



SANTIAGO DE CUBA.—AFTER THE SHOOTING—SPANISH HORSEMEN TRAMPLING THE DEAD AND DYING VICTIMS INTO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE TRENCH.—SCETCHED ON THE SPOT BY AN AMERICAN SAILOR.—SEE PAGE 235.

SEA TO SEA.

(From Joaquin Miller's new book.)

At last! at last! O steed new-born,
Born strong of the will of the strong New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,
Of the Mount of Thunder, where clouds are curled.
Below in a splendor of sun-clad seas,
A kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint, sweet fragrance from far-off seas
Comes in through the gates of the great south pass,
And thrills the soul like a flow of wine.
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
The brown deer hies to the tamarack;
And afar to the south with a sound of the main
Roll buffalo herds to the limitless plain.

On, on, o'er the summit; and onward again,
And down like a sea-bird the billow enshrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips in the sea,
We dart and we dash and we quiver, and we
Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

The Humboldt desert and the alkaline land,
And the seas of sage and of arid sand,
That stretch away till the strained eye carries
The soul where the infinite spaces fill,
Are far in the rear, and the fair sierras
Are under our feet, and the heart beats high
And the blood comes quick; but the lips are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
Is bowed with a grandeur that frets the sky.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,
A song of birds and a sound of bees
Above in the boughs of the sugar pine;
The pickaxe stroke in the placer mine,
The boom of blasts in the gold-ribbed hills,
The grizzly's growl in the gorge below,
Are dying away, and the sound of rills
From the far-off shimmering crest of snow;
The laurel green and the ivied oak,
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,
The brown-bent hills and the shepherd's call,
The hills of vine and of fruits, and all
The sweets of Eden are here, and we
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

TRUST HER NOT.

BY
JUAN LEWIS,

Author of "The Sorcerer's Victim," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE LAST NIGHT OF FREEDOM.

SLINKING along on the shadowy side of the avenue until he reached the next corner; looking back towards the house he had left in darkness, as if in momentary expectation of seeing lights burst from it, and pursuit begun; then skurrying away to the eastward, where the darker shadows lay deepest, Jules Bonard commenced his tortuous flight.

His hasty search, wherein he had lingered as long as he dared, had proved the truth of his victim's words—there was no amount of money in the house; and to obtain what he knew was requisite, he had laden himself with all the silverware he could find—which was but little; since, trembling at the faintest sound of his own footsteps, he feared to go below stairs, to the butler's pantry, or to the rooms above. To the silver so taken he had added the shelf ornaments of the parlors—the most valuable and easiest carried—not forgetting to possess himself of the few articles of jewelry the murdered woman wore.

To rid himself of these things as speedily as possible, and to convert them into cash, was a necessity which he fully recognized; and his mind had instinctively reverted to Rest Lane and Vulture Isaac as the proper place to accomplish both purposes in one. Thitherward his rapid steps were tending.

He had already traversed many blocks—never failing to cast a furtive backward glance from corner to corner, as he sped; had plunged into the obscure and dirtiest streets leading southward, and had diminished the distance by more than one-half, when his mind, which appeared incapable of thought or detail extending beyond the horror wherein he was chief actor, suddenly grasped those earlier events at the Vulture's Roost—the arrival with the boy—the burglar's work-shop—old Isaac—the irruption by the police—his own escape, by the secret trap, and ascending rope—the Vulture left to his fate!

How like retributive vengeance the remembrance now flashed upon him!

He held backward under an awning, and struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

Strange, that he should have forgotten it all! That this later affair could have drawn it so entirely from his mind! And he had wasted precious hours in taking a tortuous route to a place already in the hands of the police! From which he had only escaped a short time before by something better than a miracle!

He cursed himself, and again smote his forehead, with repetitive action, at the thought.

There was a sunken doorway under the awning, so impenetrable in the darkness, that soon its outlines could not be seen three feet away. Into this he staggered, and sunk down upon the step.

Not with weariness—for he had no thought of fatigue, nor of rest—but to form some other plan of procedure, in place of that his laggard remembrance had demolished.

How to obtain the money on these things? And to provide for his escape from the country?

Pawnbrokers there were in plenty—none knew that better than he—but none of them would be open until daylight, or after, when the discovery would be made, and pursuit begun, even if it was delayed until then. Receivers of stolen goods there were many—open at all hours to whoever knew them and had the password—but they were strangers to him, so far as he could remember.

The little business he had hitherto transacted of that nature in the city, he remembered, had been with the captured Isaac. He felt that he dared not trust strangers in his present condition. If he only had time and place and opportunity to secure the outfit of a gentleman, instead of the miserable rags he now wore, he could easily arrange for the disposal of the property; but with the present stained and soiled appearance, he felt that soon the sharks who preyed upon the proceeds of knavery and criminality would shrink from him. But something must be done immediately—what? The darker hours preceding dawn were already passing, and he still lingering. The uncertainty of the next step, the hesitancy which involves fatality, deepened upon him, and his thoughts began to wander. He was cold. How was it that everybody else was comfortably in bed and he shivering in the open air? Was there no warmth in these rags? When had he seen a fire last, and where? Ah! he remembered, and for the first time he shuddered at the recollection of what lay before that grate, under the fire-light.

But there was no touch of remorse with the remembrance. Why had she crossed him, then, when he warned her?

From this consideration his mind reverted to the lawyer, with whom she had last been seen. No doubt suspicion would fall on him, and he would be taken at once. Difficult to prove his innocence; and before it should be established, he—Jules Bonard—must be abroad. A fortunate, very fortunate, circumstance, that Hardbind should have previously been there, he considered. It would so effectually throw the hounds off the scent. How cold it was! worse than the mud and water expedition into the country, for then he had managed to sleep at intervals; if he could only sleep now for an hour, what strength, what power it would give him!—and there was time, time—no one about—all quiet!—darkness here—gloom beyond! But yet—no; he must go on—on!

His head had dropped lower and lower, with occasional efforts to rally; and he now struggled to an upright position, but instantly began slipping downward again in the angle of the doorway. The terrible exhaustion of his night marches from the country; the successive scenes of excitement and violence through which he had passed, enforced the physical demand for sleep, in spite of the mental struggle to go forward; and he sank muttering and powerless.

One, two, perhaps, three hours he lay, bereft of sense and motion; when suddenly, without previous sound or warning, he started and sat bolt upright, his eyes staring wide and gazing fearfully about him. "A dream!—only a dream!" he muttered, wiping his dripping forehead with his sleeve; "but such as belongs not to earth! All the furies of antiquity could not exceed its matchless horror!" He sprang to his feet and glanced at the sky. "Day-break—broad day!" he declared, all his energies active again; "I must work my way further eastward and take refuge in some cheap restaurant, until I can arrange finances. A terrible risk I have run in sleeping in that doorway! Thanks to the night and darkness, however, it proved safe, and I am all the better for it now. But no more lingering. I must pass for a laborer, who has been drunk, and got locked out all night, on his way to his day's work down by the docks."

He brushed some of the dry mud and dust from his clothes, slouched his hat a little lower over his eyes, and walked leisurely from under the awning, and around the corner.

In the next street there was no one stirring near, and he instantly quickened his pace, crossed rapidly three or four streets, meeting only one or two persons, and turned into a large thoroughfare, again slackening his step, and moving leisurely.

Here, even at this early hour, the tide of humanity had begun to ebb and flow.

Carts, trucks, and market-wagons of various grades, more or less loaded, and bearing names, numbers, or insignia, indicative of quite as many, and as various, trades and occupations, were setting downward in a steady stream, as if the tide was strongest in that direction.

Street-cars, with plenty of room inside, and no platform risks yet taken, were also hurrying downward under the impetus of the frosty morning reacting upon the choleric, over-worked drivers, and from them to the patient, under-fed horses.

To avoid attracting attention, Bonard continued to walk leisurely down the avenue, until overtaken by one of those hurrying cars, containing but few passengers; then he raised his hand, and signaled the driver.

The car stopped.

He caught the rail, and swung himself easily on to the platform; but, almost instantly sprang off again, and darted back towards the sidewalk, utterly reckless of passing butchers' carts and market-wagons hauling out to wharf past.

But quick as this retrograde movement was, it was not quick enough to prevent recognition from some person in the car, the sight of whom had alarmed him.

There was a loud cry in a female voice—by no means one of the weakest—an instant rush to the platform, and a tall, vigorous woman dashed resolutely after the fleeing villain.

It was Miss Mehetabel Strange, on her way to pay a morning call to Mrs. Griggs, before leaving the city.

"Stop that man!" she cried, in a voice which rang above all the noises of the street, and startled passers-by and sluggish patrolmen into instant activity.

The cry was instantly caught up, repeated, and thrice repeated, by a score of voices; and as the desperate, and now thoroughly alarmed miscreant, heard it, he hurried the bundle he had hitherto carried from him, and took to his heels—all thought and self-possession merged in the instinct of flight.

It needed but this to instantly double the number starting in pursuit.

The human mind appears to be so constituted that, given anything to hunt—whether some worried fox, pursued by a score of hounds and a dozen trained horses, with as many gentlemen riders; or some miserable starveling, flying with a stolen loaf, pursued by an enraged baker and half a hundred bystanders—it must pursue whatever flies, whether right or wrong.

And perhaps it is well for humanity's protection that this feeling is so strong within us—if Right and Justice follow.

Bonard reached the next block, glanced right and left, saw people running in all directions, and dashed onward. A policeman tried to stop him, but the murderous knife flashed out warningly, and he fell back, following in pursuit with the crowd.

Midway of the block there was a church, and worshipers, in scattered numbers, going in to morning service.

As the desperate man neared it, several policemen came hurriedly around the corner beyond, cutting off his flight in that direction. To go back was impossible, and, without a moment's hesitation, he dashed into the church.

Whatever his thought in taking sanctuary in that holy place—whether some reminiscence of the religious teaching of his boyhood, long forgotten and defied, or whether he hoped to mingle with those within, and thus escape recognition from those without—the purpose was instantly frustrated by his personal appearance.

Haggard, stained, wild—the knife still visible, though evidently forgotten, in his clenched hand—panting and gasping for breath, it was no wonder that the few souls gathered there recoiled before his sudden apparition and crossed themselves devoutly.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the crowd in pursuit poured in about the doorways, and the wretched man hurried up the aisle and leaped the chancel-railing, calling on the priest in charge for protection.

For protection which the horrified father, trembling and affrighted, could not give, if he would.

For a moment a breathless silence fell. Awe by the sacredness of the place, and shocked at its desecration by this armed and threatening intruder, all hesitated to advance; when the central door opened, and Miss Mehetabel, closely followed

by a police official, in captain's undress uniform, made her way through the throng.

"So, that is our man!" remarked the official, taking in the whole scene at a glance; and, quietly motioning to the crowd to fall back, he advanced a few paces, removed his hat in deference to the place, and said, in a clear, distinct voice:

"Jules Bonard, alias Wishton, alias Biestour, you are wanted for your implication with Vulture Isaac! Plead guilty, or it will be worse for you."

A fierce and threatening gesture with the knife was the only response.

The captain advanced still further, his eyes upon the wolf at bay behind the railing, and suddenly paused, his knowledge of desperate men warning him to try other maneuvers.

He drew a pistol—possibly for intimidation only.

"I dislike exceedingly to stain this floor with blood!" he declared deliberately; "but justice—"

"If you please, Captain Bourdan, there is no necessity!" cried Miss Mehetabel, pushing the weapon aside.

"That man will yield to me?"

And with the words she escaped the restraining hand of the official, glided swiftly up the aisle, and confronted him.

"Give me that knife, Jules Bonard!" she commanded, in ringing tones of invincible resolution; "how dare you come so near the holy altar of this church, in that attitude, instead of on your bended knees! Give that to me at once, and I will protect you, in all that strict justice can secure!"

He looked at her hesitatingly; his fierce eyes flaming out terribly, fell—glanced around him for a chance to escape behind the altar—saw none; and with a choking gasp at his throat, he placed the hilt of the weapon in her waiting hand.

"That is judicious," declared the captain, calmly, approaching and taking it from her, with a glance of admiration. "Take my arm, Bonard, and walk quietly out. Too long have we disturbed this sacred edifice! Clear the passage, there!"

In the porch he was met by hurrying policemen, one of whom handed him a folded paper, which he said the prisoner had dropped as he ran, and called his attention to the bundle of silverware and valuables he had thrown away.

"Inkerman!" said the captain, glancing at the name engraved on a piece of plate which the man held up for inspection. "I knew the general quite well! Died very suddenly a few weeks ago, I believe. What's this?"

He opened the paper, and his glance went rapidly over it.

"Confession—Mrs. Charles—murder—five years ago—Jules Bonard! Remember the case well—most atrocious affair. This is a capture, indeed!" He made a hasty step forward, for the men with the prisoner were already on the sidewalk.

"Sergeant!" he commanded, "put irons on your man at once! His career is over."

The last words were prophetic.

The fatality which ever waits on crime, however long delayed, had closed in upon him at last; and retributive justice had not long to wait.

Like some dreadful phantom, he and his fate passed from our view, thank heaven! for ever.

CHAPTER XXIX.—LOVE'S DIVORCE.

THE general at an early hour on that same morning, accompanied by Doctor Braine, made a number of calls of an explanatory nature.

He had, of course, already visited the doctor's residence and been joyfully and even tearfully recognized by those of his old retainers whom the thoughtful surgeon had taken temporarily into his service.

He had also been gravely and formally identified by the doctor's assistant, Mr. Jacob Beardsley, B.A., with no departure from his usual solemnity, and about as much expression of surprise and gratification as that excellent young man would have evinced, probably, had he been asked to identify him as the occupant of a slab at the Morgue.

The last of these morning calls, as it proved, made by the general and his friend, was at the house of the very distinguished allopathist, Doctor Pamperwell.

Fortunately they found the medical gentleman in, and still more fortunately they found with him the less distinguished homeopathist, Doctor Bloodgood.

Doctor Braine introduced the general, made full explanations, and stated the purpose of the visit.

The pompous Pamperwell listened, looked, and laughed lightly as a man of such heavy weight could laugh—and took a pinch of snuff.

"The same, sir—the same, undoubtedly," he declared, after another prolonged stare, which—not feeling himself accustomed to stage exhibition—brought the color to the general's face. "I say the same, Doctor Bloodgood!"

"My own opinion, also, Doctor Pamperwell."

"But it is unfortunate for you, sir—very unfortunate—that there should be a conflict in this matter," continued Pamperwell, pompously, addressing the general—"a conflict, sir, between science and fact!"

"In what way?" asked the general, briefly.

"In the fact of your being alive, when science has declared you most emphatically dead!—it is very unfortunate!"

"For science?" questioned the general, with a twinkle of his eye.

"No—for fact! Science, in the person of Doctor Bloodgood and myself, declares you dead; science, as declared in the schools, brooks no innovations. Therefore, I say, unfortunate for fact. This is, of course, unpleasant for you; but science—"

"But science, as I understand it," interrupted Doctor Braine, decisively, putting his arm through the general's, and moving towards the door, "is not superior to common sense!"

"There is no occasion for haste, I trust, in arriving at a decision, gentlemen?" interposed Pamperwell, with a very rapid and perceptible wavering in his tone of pomposity.

"No," chimed in Bloodgood, before a response could be made; "I have a word to say. Since I now see you really alive again, I should be untrue to myself as G. W. P. of the Reformed Guzzlers if I failed to take this, the first opportunity—"

"And the last, in all probability!" muttered Doctor Braine, who appeared to have heard of the speaker and his hobby before.

"Opportunity to ask you to pause and read the lesson, ere you reach the brink!"

"Well—I have paused," said the general, half amused, and slightly annoyed. "What lesson, and what brink?"

"The lesson of wine at meals, and the brink of perdition! And I am emboldened to add, sir, what I repeated at your deathbed—that is"—he corrected himself hastily—"what science declared your deathbed!—that you never can tell what one single glass of alcohol will do!—you really cannot!"

And with the air of a man whose conscience is at peace with the world, Doctor Bloodgood having thus unburdened himself, fell back to his original position.

What reply the general might have made to this exordium—if any—is doubtful; but at that instant there came a tremendous peal, several times repeated, at the bell; and before they could get out of the room—which they now strove to do—the

well-known figure of the florid footman, St. Just, dashed in. His figure, but the face—no longer florid—was pale unto ghastliness, and hardly recognizable, at first sight.

"Oh, doctor!" he gasped, seeing only the huge form of the very distinguished Pamperwell, who had risen in wrath at the unusual noise, and was sternly confronting him; "oh, doctor, come at once!—she's dead, dying, murdered!"

"Who is murdered? Collect your wits, block head, if you have any. Who is it, and where?"

"My mistress! Mrs. Inkerman Bristowe, in her own house too!—in the back parlor—killed—stabbed!"

The announcement fell like a thunderbolt.

"Good God!" exclaimed the general, inexpressibly shocked; "dead—did you say, St. Just?"

At the sound of his voice the footman turned towards him, and recoiled as if he had seen an apparition.

"It is I, St. Just, alive and well! Recover yourself!" cried the general, catching a glass of water from the table, for the man seemed about to faint. "There! you are better!" he declared, as the footman emptied the goblet; "and can tell us what you know as we go! Come, doctor."

And in a moment more they were outside and on the way—followed, at a lengthening interval, by Doctors Pamperwell and Bloodgood.

The distance was not great, and in a few minutes they were ascending the steps.

The door was opened by Fawnroy, who uttered a shriek as she saw her old master, and fell back.

"Wait here, general," said Doctor Braine, almost forcing him into the dining-room; "wait until I can bring a report."

He said a few words to the terrified Fawnroy, who opened the door of the back parlor for him and went in.

"It is too true!" he declared, returning to the general and taking his hand. "She is dead!—murdered beyond all question! A most atrocious affair!"

He added, unconsciously using the self-same words to characterize it that Captain Bourdan, the police official, had used in referring to the case, he remembered.

"Who was with her last?" asked the general, after a moment's silence.

Doctor Braine looked at him sharply.

"Come away," he said, taking his arm; "you are not equal to this business now. To see her will do no good. Come. I can answer your question as we go. Here comes Pamperwell and Bloodgood—and I've sent for Crow, the coroner, and Crook, the undertaker; leave it to them."

He guided him out and down the steps, while speaking, and they walked some little distance without further words.

Then the doctor spoke.

"This ends our labors," he said; "the discovery is made! Well has it been written, 'A man's enemies are they of his own household!'"

"Do you wish me to understand that your latest suspicions have proved correct?"

"In part, yes. Yet, judge for yourself. The last person with her—according to Fawnroy, her maid, who left her, she says, about ten last night, with orders not to sit up, as she had an important business interview which would detain her till a late hour—was, whom think you?"

"Who?"

"Counselor Hardbind!"

"Good heavens!—and you think him guilty?"

cried the general, walking on with lengthy strides.

"A month ago I could not have believed him capable of denying your identity to your face!" was the dry suggestive response.

The general sighed, but made no reply.

In a moment or two more they reached the intersection of a street, and were just turning into it, when some flying object came in collision with Doctor Braine, which he instantly took by the collar.

It proved to be a boy—a very breathless and excited one—whom, however, he had no difficulty in recognizing as Mrs. Griggs's eldest—burdened when extremely youthful by that good soul's facetious medical attendant with the suggestive cognomen, as we know, of Post Mort.

The recognition was mutual, and as the doctor released him he caught sight of the general, from whom he recoiled, open-mouthed and staring.

"Him!" he gasped, panting; "him, as I tucked the messages to! And as lively as any weal afore killin'! Who could a-think it, now. An' he hasn't handed in his checks arter all! If this ain't a go that beats 'tother one, I'm blowed!"

And holding himself well together, the butcher of the future "shuffled, cut and come again," in a wild, fantastic breakdown, that on any other occasion might have made the astonished observers laugh.

But the doctor was in no mood for trifling, and advanced upon him with a threatening gesture.

"What do you mean by 'tother one,' you young jackanapes?" he demanded.

"Why, haven't you heard? This is high!"

"Not so high as you will be in half a minute if you don't speak—out with it!"

"He's captured!" cried the boy, dodging away nimbly from the doctor's boot. "That man Wishton, whom I was to help our old lodger, Mr. Charles, to watch! He hired me, you know. And it's all come out now about the murder! The kornfession was found on him, and a lot of silver plate and jewelry, with Gen'l Inkerman on it! My boss kills for an eatin'-up close to the station, and I 'eard all about it, you see."

"I am the central figure in a comedy of horrors, it would seem," muttered the general. "Let us away."

He signaled a passing carriage as he spoke; the driver drew up to the curb; the doctor tossed the boy a piece of money and dismissed him, and the two friends got into the vehicle.

"One moment!" interposed the doctor, laying his hand on that of the general, as he was about giving a direction to the coachman. "You expect a visitor—this young Folkstone—you said this morning. Let the man drive you home to the hotel, and I will go on to police headquarters, tell what I know, and find out what I don't know? Let me act for you in whatever is requisite in this fearful business."

The general assented by a nod, and the doctor gave an address to the driver.

In a few minutes they drew up in front of a hotel, where the general and his young wife were stopping.

"Keep the newspapers out of sight for a few days, I suggest," said the doctor, after the general had got out. "Avoid disturbing her mind or your own! I will attend everywhere and keep you advised!"

The general pressed his hand warmly.

"You have anticipated my own thought," he said; "I can never enter that house again. We shall remain here only till the curtain falls on the last scene, and will again start for Europe. Doctor, we both want you to go with us—you must! Take it under advisement, and come up as soon as you can and talk it over."

They shook hands, the carriage rolled away, and the general, throwing off the feeling that was upon him, entered the hotel with a step as light as that of a boy.

He went at once to his rooms. On the threshold of the spacious parlors in the joint occupancy of himself and wife he paused; for there were voices within and the door was ajar. It was Carrie's voice which came first to his ears. "He will be here soon," she was saying, "and I wish you to wait for him, that you may know him as he is. Oh, Frank, my brother!—as I may henceforth term you—what gross injustice you have done him! His is a noble, noble soul; so unconscious in its great and grand goodness; so unaffected in its cheerfulness and sincerity, and yet so wise and kind and thoughtful, in action—small or great, that to know him is to love him! And my daily prayer is—"

"What, my darling," the general quietly interposed, as he softly entered and stood beside her, "is the prayer?"

"That I may daily grow more and more like you, dear," she said, turning towards him, and laying her head restfully upon his breast, while his eyes looked down upon her with love unutterable.

The spontaneity of the act, following the surprise of his sudden appearance, had caused her to forget for a single instant the presence of her visitor. She recovered herself with a start and a blush.

"This is Frank," she said, simply, leading her husband towards him.

"It is one of the sincerest pleasures of my life, Mr. Folkestone," said the general, shaking hands with the young man, heartily, "that I can greet you here! It shows that the injustice which want of accurate knowledge, fostered by the self-interested notions of others, had engendered—has been frankly abandoned, when once exposed and understood."

"It does, sir," responded Frank, with feeling, as he still held the general's hand; "and it shows more. It shows that the scales have fallen from my eyes, and revealed the depth of the pit I was digging—the too willing tool of others—and the slough into which I was fast falling! You said I should learn a lesson here. I have! But I learned one from you before I came. In the waking hours of last night, I saw my frenzied acts and words of the last few weeks in the brilliant light your brief utterances in Hardbind's office threw upon them; found every noble aspiration of my momentarily forgotten manhood rising in confirmation of your truth and trustfulness; and, abashed, ashamed and humiliated by the retrospect, I determined to avail myself of your suggestion—to renew my acquaintance with an old friend, and, if found worthy, to make a new one. In furtherance of which, I called on our mutual friend, Miss Fitt, at an early hour, and heard from her your story."

"Say no more—there is my hand! No act of mine shall ever willingly endanger the friendship thus formally begun—a friendship based on knowledge of your whole career, as its details have been made known to me."

His glance reverted to his wife.

"So, our friend has learned a lesson here," he said, smilingly; "shall I be permitted to guess what it is?"

"You may, but I had rather tell you, sir," cried Frank, impetuously; "it was the teaching of inspiration by the lips of angelic goodness! The light of the spirit illuminating the material darkness of the torturing questions agitating my mind—Love and Divorce!"

"Hah! And she has solved this difficulty?" cried the general, his fine face glowing like youth, as his tender glance rested upon his wife. "What solution did she give?"

"I said," replied Carrie, taking up the answer, "that LOVE has no DIVORCE but DEATH! That it can have no other! So, then, when I heard that Frank was dead in that cruel way, my love died, too; and when I came out of the valley of death, that love had become only a sweet, sacred memory of the past, which could never be again restored to what it was. The shadow of death had descended upon our earthly loves, and had divorced them for ever! Like the shattered shaft of some fair monument riven by lightning, its fragments might be gathered, but its beauty was gone!"

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSION.

A FEW words more and this record ends. Doctor Braine was as good as his word. He attended everywhere and to everything in the general's behalf, not forgetting certain pleasant matters of his own, supervising all with that resistless energy which was so highly characteristic of the little man.

After the inquest—prolonged in the usual manner until every one was weary by Coroner Crow—a verdict was rendered more or less in accordance with the facts, and the ghastly spectacle was at last hidden from sight by a quiet burial, the principal, if not only mourner being the maid Fawcett, in whose grateful heart the remembrance of her dead mistress's kindness outlived the wickedness and crimes attributed to her.

The suspicion which instantly fell upon Hardbind resulted in his being promptly taken into custody, where he was detained in close confinement for some weeks, and when finally released found that his worthy partner, the bulbous Jiffson, had illustrated his peculiar habit of walking sideways by disappearing with all the available assets of their joint partnership. Broken, disgraced and ruined by his own acts, Folsom Hardbind, too, disappeared, and was heard of no more by name—though a personage who subsequently figured in Texas in several disreputable transactions, closely answering his description, was reported in the papers to have met justice at the hands of Judge Lynch and a lawless jury of honest backwoodsmen.

The mansion in the avenue was closed, probably (as a residence) for ever. For, as stated on the first page of this history, the events transpiring there had left so dark and deep an impress on all the surroundings that few would care to live therein, and when neglect and decay shall have accomplished their perfect work, the house and grounds will no doubt be converted to other uses.

Edward Charles, otherwise familiar in these pages as the Unknown, was sent for by Doctor Braine and formally presented to the general as the unfortunate husband of that distant relative he had never known, and the father of Noddy.

Explanations were made and acknowledged, and it was finally arranged that the general should relinquish the plan of adoption he had proposed (but which had never been actually consummated, the fraudulent will to the contrary notwithstanding,) and in lieu thereof would content himself with settling one hundred thousand dollars on the boy, which it appeared was the exact sum mentioned in a will made in Hardbind's office, and left in his care the afternoon preceding the general's supposed death, the bulk of his property having in the same instrument been settled on Carrie.

After this business had been satisfactorily finished, Mr. Charles had accompanied Miss Mehetabel to her home in the country on a visit to Noddy, where, it may be added, his haunting expression of something lost and suffered soon gave place to one of restfulness and content. For the fervent wish of Miss Mehetabel, when she first heard from the lips of Mrs. Griggs the terrible secret of the old house, not only found fruition in her knowing the man who had been so grievously wronged, but she eventually married him, and as time passed, though the story

grew old, she never wearied of telling to her select few what she had accomplished by always looking about her.

The general and his young wife, happy as birds of an early spring-time in each other's society, went abroad as proposed, and Doctor Braine accompanied them.

Accompanied them—but not alone. Miss Fitt, the little milliner no longer, but Mrs. Doctor Braine, went also.

THE END.

GENERAL J. N. BURRIEL.

"THE butcher of Cuba," General J. N. Burriel, Governor of Santiago de Cuba, where the *Virginus* captives were executed, is somewhat of an adventurer. Of his early life little is known, as he is one of those gentlemen who do not leave a record of their acts, written or unwritten, behind them.

He is a Cuban by birth—a Spaniard at heart—a very proud and insolent one at that.

He is of obscure origin, it is believed, and was educated at an English military institute, where he learned what little he knows of the art of war. He returned to his country and enlisted in the regular army, in which he was promoted from one grade to another until he reached the rank of general. Since that time to the present he has done nothing to distinguish himself, except in the matter of the *Virginus*, and that has made him infamous. How he ever rose to his present high position in the regular army is one of the mysteries connected with the service which only the Spanish War Office and General Burriel himself could solve. He was sent over with a detachment of Volunteers, intending to stay, like the Spanish emigrants, only as long as he found it profitable, and then, like the usual bird of passage, fly away home with his pockets filled with plunder of his countrymen. He has found it profitable to stay up to the present time, and he will probably remain as long as he can, if he is not delivered up to us as a sacrifice on the altar of humanity, the most sacred feelings of which he has violated.

General Burriel is bombastic, violent, tyrannical, bloodthirsty, cruel and selfish.

His note about the *Tornado* "belching forth flames instead of smoke" indicates his pomposity. The following paragraph will still better exhibit his character in its true light, and show what he thinks of his conduct in the matter. His note is in answer to one sent by the captain of the *Niobe*: "General Burriel, under date of November 11th, defended the seizure of the *Virginus* and the executions, on the ground of the right of every nation to take all necessary measures for its own preservation. He makes a great parade of his own lofty sentiments, saying that he yields to no one in feelings of humanity, and exercises Christian charity in all practicable circumstances; that his soul is troubled and saddened whenever the law chastises a man with death, however despicable a criminal he may be; that 'on solemn and critical occasions, like those at present on this island, and when it is necessary that the nation should resort to bloodshed to maintain the integrity of its territory, and to punish its enemies at home and abroad, obeying a sad and inevitable necessity of its own preservation, I have to say, and you have to know, that, on this occasion, any one who, like me, whether it be in Spain, England or any civilized nation, owes obedience to the laws of the commander, submits himself to the orders of his superiors, has to suppress the beatings of his heart, and choke his feelings within his bosom.'"

THE SANTIAGO SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

CAVALRYMEN RIDING THEIR HORSES OVER THE BODIES OF THEIR VICTIMS.

DEATH was not the only horror that came to the brave men who were shot at Santiago de Cuba. As soon as they were dead, and in some cases even before death, their bodies were horribly mangled and mutilated. But in order to understand the method, and the picture which illustrates graphically the barbarity to which the dead and dying were subjected, it is necessary to know somewhat of the famous slaughter-house itself. It is about 1,600 feet square, giving a lineal frontage of 400 feet to each side. The material used in its construction is the prevalent adobe. In height it is 13 or 14 feet. A gutter has been constructed near the base of the walls to receive the rain from the overhanging roof. On the edge of this gutter the men were placed, after being securely bound. When volley after volley had been fired, some cavalrymen in waiting were signaled to approach. It was their business to ride their horses over the bodies that had tumbled into the ditch, a work which, no doubt, suited their disposition. After this barbaric idea had been executed several times, the heads of the corpses were cut off, placed upon poles, and carried into the town in triumph by the rabble.

SCENE IN A CAFE AT HAVANA.

READING THE NEWS.

IT is natural to suppose that the news of the Santiago butchery was received at Havana with demonstrations of intense delight. The hatred entertained towards the revolutionists by the Volunteers and the Spanish generally would be likely to flower forth into a riotous exuberance when it was known that the captured men were shot as pirates. There is in the Spanish character a natural taste for blood. The crimsoned bull-ring, to which they so eagerly rush, sufficiently attests this. So when the news was bruited abroad that the captives had been slaughtered, the applause of the Santiago fiends who witnessed the murder found a ready echo in the streets of Havana. Everywhere it was the topic of the day; everywhere the sweet morsel of intelligence was partaken of unctuously.

A picture which we give this week represents the interior of one of the lower order of *cafés*, or *casinos*, frequented by the dirty and disreputable undercurrent of the Havana, at a moment when a copy of the *Diario* or *Voz de Cuba* is being read by some one more gifted than his fellows. For it is a notorious fact that that dangerous thing known as a little learning, and in this case a very little learning, prevails extensively in Cuba. Perhaps the man who is reading is the only one in the room who could do so. But the enjoyment of the others is none the less. They are grouped about him in the attitude of attention, and we can almost hear their murmurs of approval when the account becomes more than unusually realistic. All through Havana these cool, open *cafés* are found. In each of them the same scene was undoubtedly presented.

RECRUITING FOR THE NAVY.

ACTIVITY AT PORTSMOUTH, VA.

A REMARKABLE feature of the *Virginus* outrage was the alacrity with which the people of the United States manifested their willingness to

enroll themselves in the service of Cuba, or in the army of the United States, should hostilities ensue between our Government and Spain. This week we give two illustrations bearing upon this idea. One represents a recruiting office opened in a Philadelphia restaurant. The "Blue and the White" and "The Stars and Stripes" are prominently displayed. At this office over 600 men have already enrolled their names, and are willing to do or die for Cuba. The other picture illustrates a squad of negro Cuban recruits marching in the streets of Portsmouth, Va., en route for the Navy Yard.

The Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Va., which has been in a state of stagnation since the war, was enlivened somewhat by the arrival of the *Mahopac*, a fourth-rate monitor of 550 tons, and carrying two guns of fifteen-inch calibre.

She was sent there for the purpose of taking on cannon-shot and other materials of war, the process of which we illustrate. A plank communicating from the wharf to the deck of the vessel was used to roll the shot down. The shot were afterwards taken up by clamps somewhat like those used in picking up ice, and were hoisted and lowered in this manner into the hold. It did not take long by these means for the *Mahopac* to receive her munitions of war, a vast quantity of which was stored on board of her.

THE ACHEEN WAR.

THE Hague correspondent of the *Independence* writes in reference to the first expedition to Acheen: "The disaster has cost us 100,000,000 francs and 400 soldiers. It was thought that a *coup de main* would be sufficient to take Acheen. When it was seen that the natives were prepared for a serious resistance, and fought heroically, it was feared that they might succeed in cutting off the line of retreat from our troops. The order to re-embark was given under the influence of these impressions. This order is the more to be regretted as the neighboring sovereign had declared himself for us, and offered us a refuge in case of need. Moreover, it appears to result from the inquiry that, at the moment when the signal for retreat was given, a company of our soldiers had penetrated into the enceinte of the Kraton. Victory might have attended our arms if the chiefs had acted less precipitately. Their confidence, and consequently that of the army, had been shaken by the death of General Köhler, and the considerable losses which followed upon it."

WINTER DECORATIONS FOR THE PARLOR.

VERY pretty letters for ornamenting the sides of the parlor may be made by covering the pasteboard models with gomphrenas, fastened by gum-shellac, dissolved in alcohol.

FLORAL decorations for the table, so refreshing in Winter, are made by means of glass troughs, fashioned into any desired shape, and deep enough to contain a good supply of water. The tall ornaments or vases should be filled with colored grasses and young creepers, and the troughs with flowers and moss.

THE ivy is not so hardy in the United States as to attain the popularity enjoyed by its class in England for trimming purposes. Its place may be supplied by two little plants, known as the ground and running pines, which grow in shaded woods, in hilly places, and usually on a poor, sandy soil. The running pine is happily adapted for festoons.

If you wish a novel kind of window-creeper, take a glass jar of water and place in it a sweet potato, so that it will be about half submerged, supporting the potato by running a knitting-needle through it. Fine tendrils, nearly white, will grow down, eventually filling the jar. In about six weeks several green wisps will start upward, and by Spring they will be five or six feet in length, and abounding in dwarf leaves.

LETTER-BODIES may be covered by tying with dark thread small branches of evergreens over the face of the board, with a few Everlasting Flowers or bright berries to relieve the sombre color. Better letters, however, can be made with dry moss and Everlasting Flowers. Tie the moss over the face of the letter as evenly as possible, then cut the stems of the flowers short, leaving only about half an inch. Dip the stem in a little paste, and insert it in the moss, and when dry it will remain secure.

TAKE a large carrot, beet or turnip, clip off the leaves about an inch from the top, cut the stem where the circumference will be sufficient to dig a small hole for fresh earth, fill in with dirt, and plant either lady-slippers or violets. Suspend the vegetable by a soft worsted string where it will have plenty of sunlight, and keep the earth damp. In a few days the plants will shoot upward, and continue until they reach the blooming period, while the leaves of the vegetable will send out long, feathery arms of green, that will afford a most pleasing contrast of color.

In making up sentimental devices it should be remembered that in the language of flowers white-rose indicates sweetness and purity; hyacinth, unobtrusiveness; orris, a message; wall-flower, fidelity; lavender, mistrust; "nodding" violet, modesty; cypress, mourning; meadow-sweet, neglected beauty; acacia, platonic love; sweet brier, poetry; fragrant stock, promptitude; rue, purification; rosemary, remembrance; moss-rose, silent love; cedar, strength; cape-jasmine, ecstasy; mint, virtue; tuberose, voluptuousness; jonquil, a wish; white-lilac, youth; frangipanni-flower, constancy.

HANDSOME picture frames, resembling leather-work, and requiring but little time for execution, may be made with oak leaves and acorns. If you make an oval frame, arrange them in the form of a wreath. If a square shape, have it smooth and stained before putting them on. Commence by placing a small-sized leaf rather more than a third of the length of the side from the corner, and with the stem towards the corner; then two more on each side of that; lay a small acorn on the first leaf, the point towards the point of the leaf, and the stem under the two others; then two or three larger acorns, two or three more leaves, and so on. Put a group of the largest acorns at the corners, and fill in around them with small-sized leaves. The leaves should not be fastened on flat, but bent and raised a little from the frame, and the whole arranged in a graceful manner. Finish with furniture varnish.

THE simplest way to form letter-bodies for floral motives is to mark out the desired letters on heavy straw board. Determine the height you wish the letters, and divide that into six equal parts by drawing lines entirely across the board. Four of these divisions will be a good proportion for the width of most letters. The few letters that vary from this can be correctly made by the following arrangement: Suppose the letters are six inches high, then four inches would be the proper width for B, C, D, H, N, O, P, Q, R, S, U, Z; four and a half inches wide for A, G, K, T, V, X, Y, &; the letter M should be five inches, W, six inches, E, F, L, three and a half inches, J, three inches, and I one inch wide. By this arrangement letters of any size can be made by simply dividing the height into six sections, and using four such sections for the ordinary width of the letters, varying the width to suit the other letters, as already shown, and always making the letters one section in thickness.

FLASHES FROM THE WAR CLOUD.

WORK was generally kept up at the Navy Yard on Thanksgiving Day.

ALL the monitors at League Island, Philadelphia, are to be put in fighting trim.

TWO additional ironclads are to be sent to the German fleet in Spanish waters.

A CASEMATED battery is proposed for the site of old Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor.

THE monitor *Mahopac* is on its way to Key West conveyed by the U. S. steamer *Onisipe*.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to sink 300 torpedoes in the Narrows if occasion should require.

GREAT BRITAIN has ordered a large and heavy fleet to proceed in all haste to Santiago de Cuba.

ORDERS have been issued to dispatch the 22-gun frigate *Lancaster* from Rio de Janeiro to Key West.

It has been decided to hold the three-turreted monitor *Roanoke* for the defense of New York Harbor.

It is said that if the form of the Spanish Government is changed to a monarchy, war will be inevitable.

It is said that the only port of the United States in which Spanish ironclads might enter is Newport, R. I.

THERE are 2,105 workmen employed at the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard, 1,300 at that of Philadelphia and 2,800 at Brooklyn.

THE single-turret monitor *Dictator*, now undergoing repairs at New York City, is remarkable for her great speed.

THE guns on Fort Tompkins, crowning the hill at Staten Island, are the heaviest ordnance in the United States service.

COLONEL MOSBY has offered his services, with a force of Virginian cavalry, to go to Cuba in case war should be declared.

THE *Bellerophon*, an armor-plated ship carrying fifteen guns, will be the flagship of the British squadron in Cuban waters.

THE great draft of the Spanish vessels, none of them drawing less than 26 feet, renders them of no use except in very deep water.

JOHN G. WHITTIER has written a letter to Senator Sumner, in which he sustains the sentiments of that gentleman on the Cuban difficulty.

It is denied that the Spanish Government is disposed to submit the *Virginus* question to the Emperor of Germany for arbitration.

THERE is much talk in Havana of war with the United States. The Captain-General is having guns mounted on all the forts around the city.

THE Navy Department has been tendered more than a hundred vessels of various kinds since the Cuban troubles began, but has not purchased any.

At a recent meeting of workmen of Philadelphia resolutions were adopted deprecating war with Spain, because wars fall heavily upon the working classes.

THE Engineer-Department will at once prepare torpedoes with the necessary electrical cable instruments, tackle, etc., to be placed at proper points along the coast.

THE Chief of the Engineer Corps has sent orders to the various officers of the Engineer Corps in charge of the harbors along the coast to put them in proper defense for any possible attack from the sea.

SENATOR LOGAN is a very emphatic friend of Cuba, and is in favor of war. He says the people of the West will not be satisfied with an ordinarily aggressive policy; it must be quick, strong and determined.

A PETITION, calling for an immediate meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, is in circulation in New York, the object being to take action regarding the recent outrages committed on the Masons' widows at Santiago de Cuba.

THE United States Cartridge Company commenced last week to run their works day and night, with two sets of men. They have pressing orders for several million cartridges from the War and Navy Departments.

THE Agents of the Cuban Republic in New York City issued a letter in which they, as representatives of the Government, condemn all attempts to recruit or enlist men, as being indirect violation of the laws of the land which they are bound to respect.

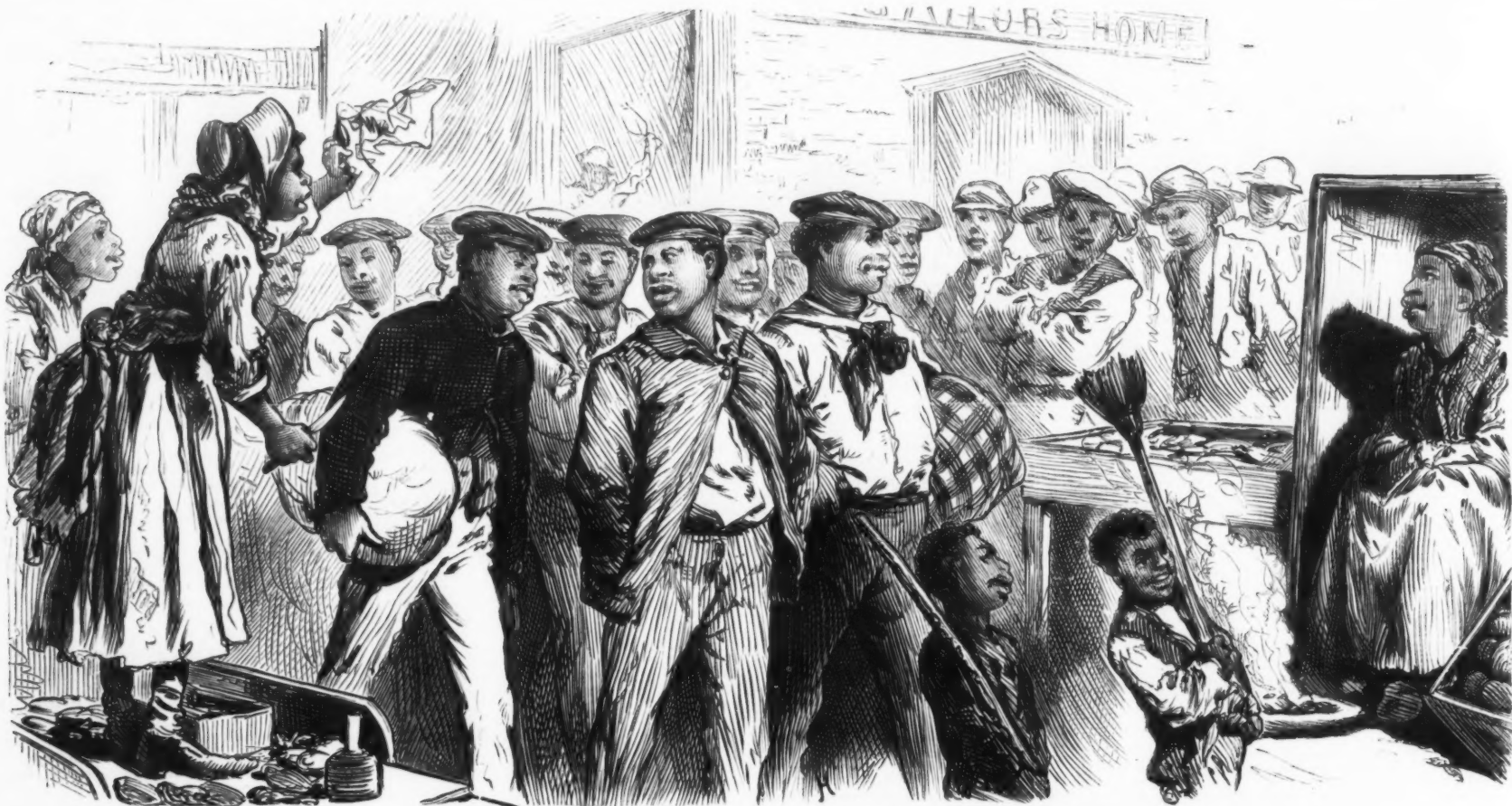
THE Government at Madrid declares that it is willing and resolved to restore the *Virginus* and yield the other claims of the United States Government, its only request now being that the fact shall be first established that the *Virginus* was entitled to the protection of the American flag.

In his Boston speech, General Banks said: "The Cubans in 1868 formed a Government, and since that time had held their own against tyranny, with a loss to the latter of 100,000 men and the constant employment of fifty-two men-of-war with 400 guns, now augmented to eighty-two ships and nearly 500 guns."

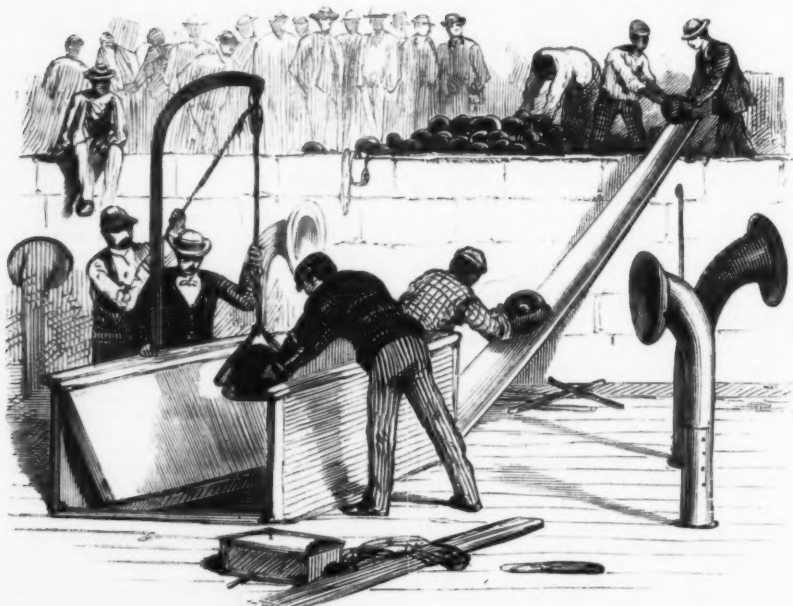
In an editorial, the *Times* of London says: "If the boundaries of international law should be found to have been transgressed in the brutal massacres now in progress, the United States will have a legitimate right to interfere. Whether the Government of President Grant will think it wise to insist upon that right may be open to question. But in any case we think the American people have given us no reason to doubt that they will act, when circumstances compel them to act, temperately and justly."

THE *Alta Californian*, in a late editorial, said: "We think in the settlement of this Cuban affair we may safely say that, as regards sentiment and feeling, there is and will be no North nor South, no East nor West, no Republican nor Democrat; but one solid, concentrated American feeling. Aside from its humanitarian aspect, it is a question of national dignity or disgrace. If we are to allow any nation to insult our flag, upon the ocean, or the land, who will call himself an American in a foreign land? We must enforce respect or be disgraced."

THE *Daily News* of London says: "A considerable proportion of the American public will experience a certain sense of relief in the conviction that now at last the Government of General Grant must act. We should do justice to that Government. It has refrained for years, and under all the pressure of a strong popular excitement, from anything like an undue interference in the colonial affairs of Spain. The wholesale executions in Cuba seem as if they had been perpetrated for the mere purpose of compelling the Government of the United States to abandon at last the policy of non-intervention which it had so long and with such difficulty upheld. It would be needless to say that no code of warfare could justify such an extraordinary massacre."



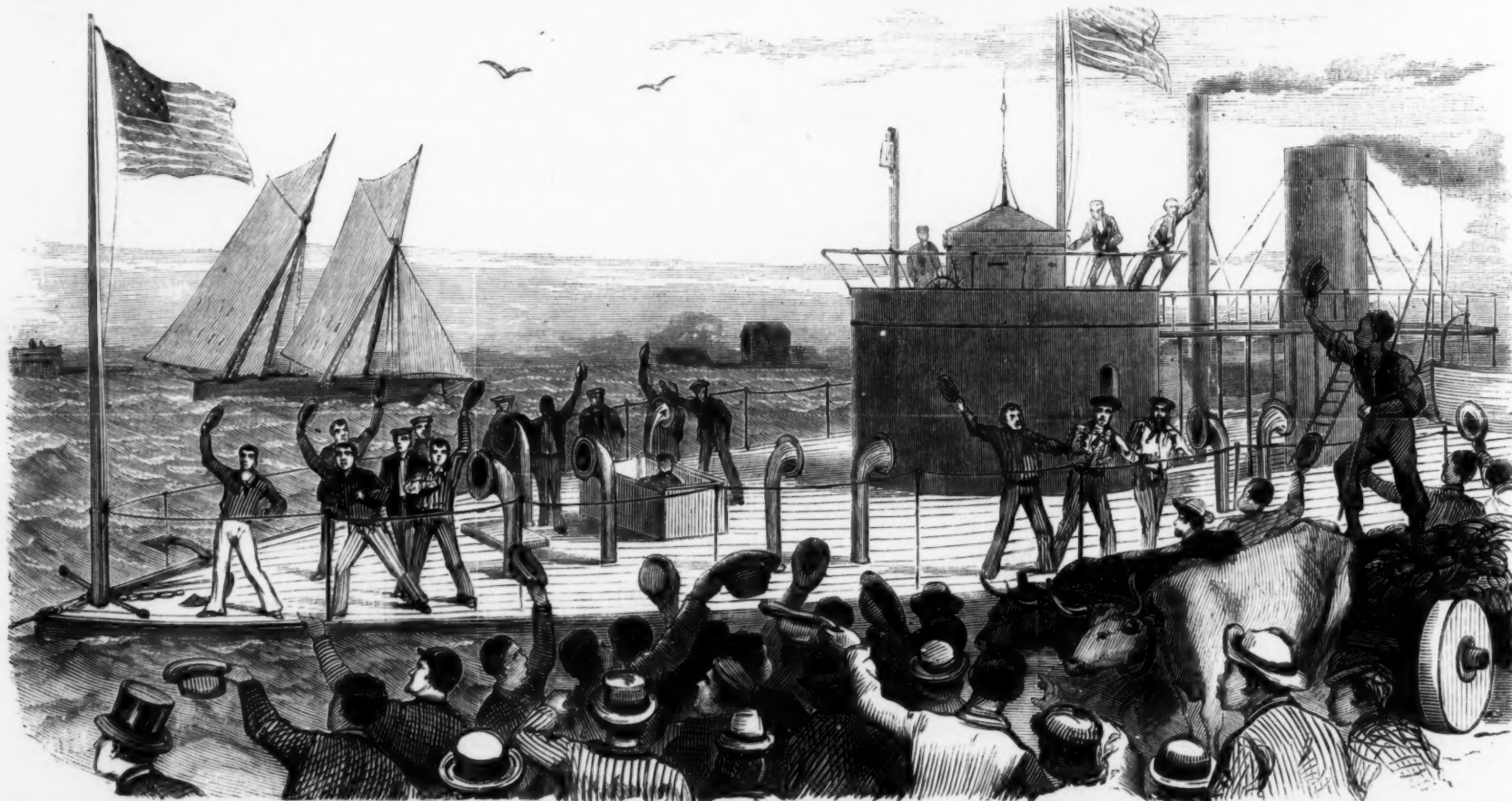
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.—NEGRO RECRUITS FOR THE NAVAL SERVICE MARCHING TO THE NAVY YARD.



PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.—AT THE NAVY YARD—TAKING CANNON-SHOT ABOARD THE MONITOR "MAHOPAC."

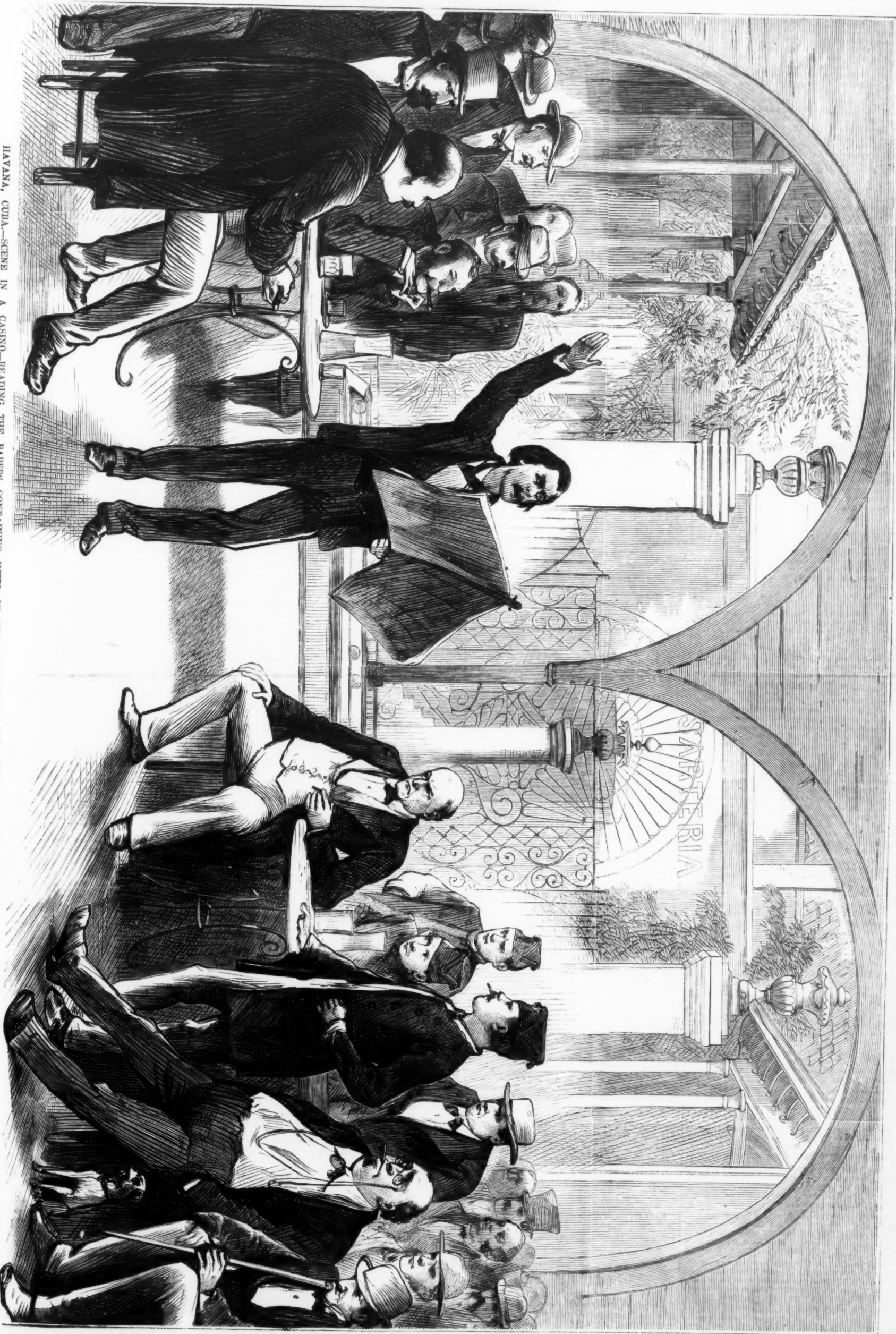


PHILADELPHIA.—GETTING NAVAL RECRUITS AT THE CORNER OF EIGHTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.



PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.—DEPARTURE OF THE MONITOR "MAHOPAC" FOR CUBAN WATERS.

PREPARING FOR WAR.—SKETCHES ABOUT THE NAVY YARDS.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 235.



HAVANA, CUBA.—SCENE IN A CASINO.—READING THE PAPERS CONTAINING NEWS OF THE WAR FEELING IN THE UNITED STATES.—SKETCHED BY GENERAL OSCAR DAYTON, U. S. ARMY.—SEE PAGE 235.

HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

OUR pretty hanging baskets, with their suspension wires draped in delicate climbing ivies and standing moss, with their drooping grasses, vineal mimosa, musk-scented and covered with golden hanging gardens, are charming. But, even should they be made a million times larger, their plan is so utterly different, that they could never suggest the faintest notion of the hanging gardens of Babylon. They were literally paradises of pleasure-gardens. Xenophon mentions those of Belsis, Governor of Assyria; and such as he beheld them, apparently we find them described by Chardin and other modern travelers. The hanging gardens of Babylon were simply a very costly variety of the paradise, such as only princely wealth could afford. Their origin is attributed to Semiramis by some; others say that they were invented by a king of Assyria to charm the melancholy of one of his wives of Persian origin, who sighed to behold again the verdant mountains of her native land. Strabo and Diodorus Siculus have written about these famous hanging gardens, doubtless, because of the huge branching palms and other trees overhanging the balustrade on the summit of the high walls that inclosed the paradise. These walls were about one hundred and thirty feet long on each of the four sides, twenty-two feet thick, and fifty cubits high, or over ninety feet according to the Hebrew cubit; by the Roman or by the English cubit, a little less.

Around the interior on all sides rose terrace above terrace to the number of twenty, the top one resting on the outer walls, and even with the balustrade. The terraces were upheld by immensely strong galleries, whose ceilings were formed of hewn stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide, resting on these stones was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of asphalt, and on this was a double floor of fire-dried bricks laid in mortar; finally, there was a floor of lead plates, to prevent any moisture from penetrating the foundations of the terraces, the soil of which rested directly on leaden floors, and was of sufficient depth to hold and nourish trees fifty feet high and thousands of rare plants culled from all parts of the known world.

All these were kept in a peculiarly flourishing condition, we are informed, by water raised from the Euphrates through the aid of machinery concealed from view in certain rooms made in the galleries. The galleries also contained many royal apartments, variously decorated and furnished. Decently lighted they could not have been, but one can easily imagine that a walk around the upper terraces on a fine moonlight night, the senses charmed by soft music and waves of perfume rising from the wilderness of flowers and shrubs below, must have been enchanting.

THE WONDERS OF SOLOMON'S CAVE.

FURTHER discoveries have recently occurred in Solomon's Cave, Ophir Gulch, Montana, which point to the conclusion that it was once the hiding-place of men. In the words of the explorer, who was accompanied by three others, "leaning against the wall was a huge plate of copper, fifty-seven inches in length and thirty-six inches in width, and about one-fourth of an inch in thickness. This we took to be a shield, as near the centre were two holes, eight inches apart, used, doubtless, for inserting a strap through which to slip the arm. It was wrought by hand, as the marks of a sledge or other heavy instrument were plainly visible on it. About ten feet beyond where the shield was found, and eight feet from the floor, was a cavity in the wall ten feet in length and over four feet high. Placing a few large stones one upon another, Barnard climbed up and held his light to see the extent of the opening, but he immediately turned towards us with a frightened look, and it was some seconds before he could explain the nature of the discovery he had made. But when he assured us that in that niche lay a petrified giant, all were eager to look at him. He was found to be nine feet seven and a half inches in length, thirty-eight inches across the breast, and two feet deep. He was covered from head to foot with a coating from one to two inches in thickness, similar to that found on the roofs and pillars in a number of places, hard as limestone, and along the sides this coating, as it appeared at first to be, had united with the rock on which it lay, leaving this relic of the stone age, or some other distant age literally incased in it. A helmet of brass or copper of gigantic proportions was upon his head, which the corrosive elements of time had sealed to his brow. It is the most perfect petrification I have ever seen, the whole body being as solid as though cut out of a block of marble." The party also found lots of pictures chiseled in the walls; also a primitive quartz-crusher. The next time they are going into the inner chambers of the cave, where they suppose there are vast deposits of money.

SQUIBS.

A HINT.—Never nod to an auctioneer unless you have a desire either to buy or to be sold.

AN author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room? Probably with a skeleton-key.

REFERRING to the present crisis, the New Orleans Times gives the following good advice to parents: "Husband your resources, and, if possible, your daughters also."

AN old negro woman was heard to exclaim: "Thomas Jefferson, you and James Madison, come into the house and bring Abe Lincoln along with you, or I'll reach for you, shuah!"

THE wedding-cake of a couple recently married weighed forty pounds, and was in the form of a three-story brown-stone front, with a sugar bride and bridegroom coming out of the front door.

AN exchange, commenting on the morality of its neighbors, says they wear their pants out at the knees, in winter, in getting religion, and the seats of their trousers out, in the summer, in backsliding.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee?" "Yes, madame, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

A YOUNG man from Grattan, not being very well acquainted with a certain middle-aged man from Lowell, called that middle-aged man from Lowell "Ullsur," and then wiped the blood off his nose with his red pocket-handkerchief.

A COLORADO paper quotes an instance of the restorative effects of the climate of that State. It says an Ohio lady who could not sweep her room at home after her arrival in Colorado was able to chase her husband a mile with a pitchfork.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says: "The Washington papers are warmly commending Senator Sprague's habit of settling half a million dollars on each of his children at its birth. So do we. The custom is a beautiful one, and no family should be without it."

THE people of Omaha are variously and pleasantly alluded to by outsiders as "Omahogs," "Omahosses," "Omahorribles," etc.

A WESTERN man at a "prayer-meeting" said, somewhat enviously: "Brother Lawson can sing better than I can, but by the grace of heaven I can fiddle his old shirt off."

"MADAME, why were you not here before?" "I could not come, sir." "Were you not subpoenaed, madame?" "Yes, sir; but I was sick." "What was the matter, madame?" "I had an awful boil, sir." "Upon your honor, madame?" "No, sir, upon my arm."

A COLD, pale ghost is in the habit of visiting the kitchen of a Detroit house, each night at midnight, and there cooking himself a square meal. He tries to bamboozle the tenants of the property with the story that, when he was a man, he was murdered in that very kitchen.

SAYS the Peoria Review: "This afternoon a country-woman made her first attempt to get into the court-house yard through the patent back-action gate. She opened the gate, went through as she supposed, and shut herself out on the same side seven times, then ejaculating, 'Merciful sakes!' climbed over the fence."

A GERMAN peddler sold a man a liquid for exterminating bugs. "And how do you use it?" inquired the man after he had bought it. "Ketch to bug un drop von little drop into his mouth," answered the peddler. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the purchaser. "I could kill it in half the time by stamping on it." "Vell," exclaimed the German, "that is a good way too."

A GENTLEMAN who was unusually well pleased with the sermon preached last Sunday afternoon at one of our city churches, remarked at supper that he was carried right to the gates of heaven by it. His precocious six-year-old son upon hearing him say this, exclaimed, "Why didn't you dodge in, father? It's the best chance you'll ever have of getting into heaven."

The Vienna Exhibition.

AUSTRIAN COURT HONOR TO AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTOR.

Telegrams to the New York Herald.

VIENNA, Nov. 1, 1873.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the "Imperial Order of Francis Joseph" upon Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, of New York.

More Distinguished Honors.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 31.

The Maryland Institute has awarded Wheeler & Wilson the gold medal for the new No. 6 Sewing Machine. Other sewing-machines received nothing.

SO HIGH a reputation has the Union Square Hotel gained for its matchless cuisine, that strangers and visitors to this metropolis actually travel miles to enjoy a meal at their table. The fame of Mr. Savori is spreading fast, and the best European judges pronounce him equal to Ude and Sover. As we have tried the excellence of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's repasts, we advise all who wish to know what a perfect breakfast, lunch, dinner or supper is, to try one of these meals, when they will acknowledge that the cuisine of the Union Square Hotel is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in the world. The perfect order, decorum, elegance and fastidious cleanliness have given to the restaurant department of Messrs. Dam & Sanborn's Hotel a reputation which cannot fail to make it, par excellence, the place for an epicure to feel the greatest satisfaction. In addition we may add that the charges are most reasonable. We trust our readers will test the truth of our commendation by giving the Union Square Hotel a trial. But the excellence of the cuisine is only one of the claims which Messrs. Dam & Sanborn have upon the community. They have the finest rooms in New York, admirably appointed. They have, in fact, the quiet of a home, with the conveniences of the most trained domestics. The Union Square Hotel is also one of the most central spots in New York, being at an equal distance from all the leading places of public amusement, and in the very heart of fashionable shopping. The location is also one of the most eligible in the metropolis, not only for its healthfulness and pleasant position, but for its vivid prospect, as the habitues of the Union Square Hotel can from its windows see the completest panorama of American life ever presented. It is in this respect invaluable for foreign visitors, who are thus introduced into the very heart of American life.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is within four blocks of all the NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

A MOTHER'S HEALTH HER CAPITAL.—Many a mother sacrifices her health, which is of more importance to her family than her husband's capital is to his business, by prolonged toil at the sewing-machine. To avoid this let her purchase a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, and learn how to use it.

SHEA, 427 BROOM STREET, COR. CROSBY ST., offers now a complete assortment of Fall and Winter clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway suits, etc., 40 per cent. less than original cost. No trouble to show goods.

HEARING RESTORED.—A GREAT INVENTION. Send stamp for particulars, to GEORGE J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

DOUGAN, MANUFACTURER and DEALER in GENTS' HATS, Etc. 102 Nassau, corner of Ann Street, New York. 939-51

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrated, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

The best "Elastic Truss" in the world is now sold by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York, for three dollars. Write to them for full particulars.

Surgical Elastic Stockings for enlarged veins, and Supporting Belts of best quality, at Pomeroy's, 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Wedding Cards, No. 304 Broadway. JAMES EVERDELL. Established 1840.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES

Parents should remember that Silver Tips not only prevent the Shoe wearing out at the toe, but the stockings also.

GABLE SCREW WIRE

In this way it takes 30 seconds to secure the sole to upper of a Boot or Shoe in a manner equal to hand-sewing, thus reducing the cost. 949-52

BOKER'S BITTERS.

Beware of Counterfeits.

948-98 eow

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